

FOR men

PRICE 25c

AND MEN ONLY!



**Manual of Seduction • Stripping the Gypsy Rose
Strictly Privy Conversation • Papas for Profit
Please God, Save the King • Drums in Heat**

FOR men

Vol. I, No. II

AND MEN ONLY!

Ralph Daigh
Editor

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Introducing

FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY

FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY is just that. If women wander through these pages, they do so with a distinct warning that they are as much out of their realm here as is a wife at a smoker.

ENTERTAINMENT is and shall be our sole aim, and material submitted for publication will be read closely with ENTERTAINMENT a one-word-barrier the material must hurdle to meet our printer.

But ENTERTAINMENT is too wide a term, and we propose to narrow the word for our purposes until it defines only material of specific interest to the MALE.

It has long been observed that companionable men gathered together in hunting camp, in club, in regiment, in conference, in air-liner, in pullman, find tangy, peculiarly male topics for entertainment and conversation.

Such shall be the contents of this magazine, dedicated as it is to MAN, his pleasures, his uncensored reflections, his entirely male outlook, his private knowledge that everything in this world is for his enjoyment.

the Editor

Stripping The Gypsy Rose

La Belle Gypsy Rose Lee, symphonic vibrator of the G-string, needs no aid in unwrapping her lovely charms

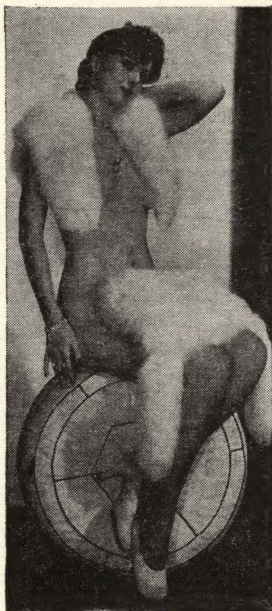
SHE isn't the most beautiful girl of the century. Her chassis is superb, but not unique. She can't sing a note nor dance a hot lick. She is not even the most courted nor highly paid lady of burlesque.

Yet the New York theatrical season of 1936-37 has seen Gypsy Rose Lee become practically a national institution—the happy victim of as complete and tumultuous publicity campaign as this press agent's paradise has ever known.

And how the devil did it all happen anyway?

Probably even "Gyps" herself doesn't know—for her simple doom is to be beautiful, at as many cocoanuts a week as possible.

She was first unveiled to the carriage trade in that issue of the *Follies* which burst open in the early fall of 1936, with Miss Fanny Brice and Mr. Bobby Clark in the electric lights. True, it was not Gyps' first flight from the 'smoky dens of the Messrs.



Bruno of Hollywood

Minsky. She was first discovered and glorified by Ziegfeld himself, and allowed to walk across the stage in that rather feeble extravaganza of his latter years called *Hotcha*.

But this glorification did not take, and soon she was again revealing those alabaster shoulders and that exquisite hip line to the shirt-sleeved 55-cent customers of the Republic and Irving Place Palaces de Burleycue, the homes of her first and greatest triumphs.

When the Messrs. Shubert tapped her for Bones in the *Follies*, she had probably reached the peak of her beauty. Long years of undulating across dusty stages in a purple spot, while the six-piece band played a waltz, had perfected her body's grace. She had cherished and kept perfect the Creator's magnificent handiwork in the matter of her body. And she had finally settled on her hair-do, a mass of tricky curls at the forehead, black in color and rebellious in

By LEONARD HALL

type. It suited her perfectly.

So when the call came, the typewriters were heated up and the lights went on. Gypsy Rose Lee was all ready to become the champion glamor girl of 1937!

Those who saw her in the *Follies* beheld the perfected product of years at her trade of pleasing the male eye. She appeared in a few sketches, and did a solo number making fun of her own speciality—"the strip," as known in burlesque. But you can't tell me that the greatest, most alluring Gyps was not the one who operated under the rose-red banner of the late "Billy" Minsky at the Republic Theatre.

It was there that I first saw and fell in love with Gypsy Rose Lee in the spring of 1932. At that time her hair was bushy and a sort of roan color, and she was want to wander into the aisles with a huge powder puff reciting "Powder my back every morning" to the huge delight of everyone save those who got the powder up their noses. But it was her method of "stripping"—then as now the only remaining lure in the moribund body of burlesque—that caught the eye.

Now, there was "hot stripping" and "fast stripping," in which the beautiful lady did a few quick gyrations, pulled one cord and was revealed in the altogether—as simple and as rapid as launching a battle-ship. This seemed to satisfy the customers' urge for complete and rapid action, and filled an honored

enough place in the canon of the craft.

But it was Gyps Lee, in all her girlish purity and classic beauty, who established what might almost be called "First Family of Virginia" stripping.

La Lee performed her stately promenade to the tune of a waltz—though no one seemed to object to the occasional thump of a tom-tom. It was a slow, dignified stroll—the tummy pushed well forward, the arms swinging, the long legs moving rhythmically, but with great dignity. It might almost have been a lady passing a select group of her friends on the campus of William and Mary College. In some unknown manner a shoulder strap became unstuck. Gyps registered surprise, but kept right on walking. When the other strangely came undone, there was almost consternation, but nothing prevented that midnight stroll.

The final revelation of Gypsy Rose came at the center of the curtains and consisted, not of the breasts, but of that unapproachable line from shoulder to ankle which is certainly as beautiful as that boasted by mortal woman.

Now this may seem a very small return for a lot of applause, not to mention 55 cents. The truth is that the great secret of the success of Gypsy Rose Lee as a burlesque stripper was not in what she showed but how she displayed it. Her whole little performance was done with such



Bruno of Hollywood

Gypsy Rose Lee, leading exponent of the First Family Of Virginia strip-tease and tied for honors with the Statue of Liberty for possessing the best known feminine form in America

grace, as among friends, that it won even the flintiest hearts in the pews. Other girls flung discretion and raiment to the winds, but they seemed vulgar beside the Sweet Girl Graduate stripping of La Belle Lee.

One had a hard time keeping up with her, though. Visiting her classes in '33, I found that she had gone hot mamma, with ruffled black hair, black satin clothes and some fairly rough, tough songs. I didn't like this nearly as well as the Campus Sweetheart type, and fell out of love at once.

All this time she had been making good money, and clinging to a lot of it. A few men have paraded in and out of her life—and why not, with that incandescent beauty of hers?

One Broadway columnist dared print that many of her jewels were the largesse of the late "Waxy" Gordon, the emperor of illicit beer, whose mortal career was practically coincident with prohibition. In her recent existence, when last I came in contact with it, there was a shadowy figure named "Eddie." No one seemed to have met "Eddie," but there he was, seemingly top squire in the life of this lovely girl.

Wherever she got 'em, whether by the public exposition of her hip line or as gifts from enamored swains—she had 'em, and usually wore 'em all. Her 60-carat star sapphire was one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen. But away they all went,

as six crude men snatched them as she drew up before her Murray Hill establishment (she's a neighbor of the Lunts, Fontannes, and Ethel Barrymore) after a late tour of the hot spots.

Lloyd's of London was pretty much worried about the whole thing. Of course, it could not have been a press gag for that Twentieth Century-Fox Picture. Of course, that great company did give her a thrilling and successful screen test—but they think she is beautiful, and with reason.

At any rate, The Great Jool Robbery came in the midst of her New York glamor girl career, and nearly drove the Simpson case off the front pages for a day.

Her press agent has been placed in nomination for the Nobel Prize.

When it was first hinted that Gypsy Rose Lee had been signed for the *Follies*, there was a series of restrained and elegant little tea parties at her Gramercy Park apartment—and my DEAR, imagine one of these awful strip-girls living on The Park!

Essayists of the "Tony" and "21" crowd began to turn up in increasing numbers, and found it great fun. So large and colorful did Gyps' salon become, so too-too her intimates, that larger quarters were needed at once if the current Glamor Girl was to have the proper setting.

Thus the daring foray into stuffy old Murray Hill was made—that quaint hunk of New York where J. P. Morgan and others

of his ilk still maintain their city homes, all guarded by heavy dicks in iron hats.

Those who attended Gypsy's house-warming on 36th Street will never forget it. A careful check showed that everyone had turned up but Bishop Manning. The twittering and the dithering were simply beyond description. The tour of inspection of Gypsy's new hovel inevitably ended at the grand boudoir, where guests were invited to behold the regal four-poster with the sky-blue canopy over it, and the enormous mirrored dressing table which must have held at least a hundred bottles of various sweet and heady waters.

And here was Gypsy Rose Lee, most famous of burlesque strippers, now on view at \$5.50 a head, at home to hundreds in the heart of dear old Murray Hill.

The apotheosis was complete—fate, push, pull and the power of the press could do no more!

How did it happen? Your guess is as heavy as mine. Photographically luscious, good copy as a graduate from a smoke-filled burlesque house to the smoky Winter Garden, Gypsy's Rise might have been called a publicity natural. Add to this her undoubted beauty, which has been known to smack over a member of the Racquet and Tennis Club at a half mile, and you have the set-up exquisite. All it needed was the unsung genius to bear down. Would I could sing him!

There are other burlesque

strippers now in active practice at 85 cents top who are as lovely as La Lee, and who get more money than did she when she was bowling over the baldies at the Republic. If you will visit the Apollo, on 42nd Street, you will witness pleasurably Miss June St. Clair, a gorgeous blonde minx. A dark beauty named Miss Ann Corio is the leader in her field, playing guest engagements wherever the sugar is most plentiful. I myself fancy a writhing muscovite named The Countess Nadja, while Miss Georgia Southern—fast, hot and frantic—needs reinforcement of the stage as did the good old chariot race in "Ben-Hur."

And yet, in spite of all these undoubted charmers, remains the thrilling fact of Gypsy Rose Lee. She has graduated, and keeps her diploma framed next to the "God Bless Our Home" plaque. She is a *Follies* principal—the rest are just strippers. Beautiful strippers, it is true, but merely takers off of clothes for a modest fee. It seems to me that here awaits another brilliant field for an inspired press agent.

It's a strange family, Gyps'. Hailing from up Oregon way, the real name is Hovick, and when they were kids, they all trouped together and did fairly well. It didn't take the Hovicks long, however, to find that when Gypsy walked across the stage, many of the male customers suffered severe palpitations which could be turned into cash. Sister June, changing her name to

Havoc (which she is said to create in certain circles) is now a pretty blonde girl of 21, whose last stage appearance was in *Forbidden Melody*, and is already married to her second helpmate, Adman Donald Gibbs.

She and Gyps don't get on very well, and seldom speak as they pass by.

With Ma Hovick, however, Gypsy Rose remains on terms of warmest amity. On the proceeds of her lovely thighs, the girl has set Mother up in a handsome and prolific chicken farm in nearby Connecticut.

The farm puzzles Gyps occasionally. Last spring, to her great surprise, she noted an enormous increase in the population.

"I guess the chickens all just felt that way!" she said, shaking her pretty pate.

Gypsy is rather wearing company. Once beheld, her really unusual beauty begins to pall. She is nervous, even hectic, to a degree, and is inclined to chatter volubly in that throaty voice I first learned to know and love nearly five years ago. She is rapidly winning a reputation as a wit, which I am afraid is apocryphal, but that "social" crowd with which she now associates is inclined to laugh first, and think second, if ever. For one whose profession might be termed slightly earthy, she oftenest refers to the human body in the most abstract terms, and sex plays no leading role on her conversation. As you may gather,

Gyps is a very nice girl—a trifle giddy socially, perhaps, but very nice indeed.

So we now behold Gypsy Rose Lee at the very peak of her game as a Glamor Girl. She is the leading number this year—make no mistake about that, she hasn't even a close rival.

And tomorrow, what? The Top Hats and Ermine Wraps now have her in their clutches. Can she go on to new triumphs in the revue field—which consists, after all, in merely looking so lovely that the male customers begin to eye their wives dubiously? If Broadway managers grow coy and hard to get, can she go back to Minsky's and The Irving Place Temples of Burlesque, once more coyly exhibiting those charms which once cost five dollars a very quick look?

Have a great year, Gyps! Mop up and clean up, for I fear that the life of even the loviest stripper in Broadway revue is brief, though to the point! I, for one, will be waiting for you warmheartedly that great day you turn your back on the works of Broadway, and come back to your own pals, discoverers and friends at the Irving Place!

ADDENDA

The Bible of show business, *Variety*, recently listed the best strippers currently appearing before burlesque addicts, both in New York and "on the road." For the benefit of inquiring souls who, motivated by Mr. Hall's academic study, intend to investigate the mysteries of the strip-tease, we append *Variety's* report, written in its own quaint way:

1. Ann Corio. Burlesque's No. 1 box-office name and draw. Established by several years of intensive billing, build-up and smart management. Highest salaried player in the business. Among the tops in looks and ability. Brunette.

2. Evelyn Myers. Unique in style and ultra-sexy. Best bumper in biz. (Editor's note: Translated this means Miss Myers is an adept at making jerky forward and backward contortions with her hips.) Most imitated. Platinum blonde.

3. Margie Hart. Most "daring." When conditions permit something else being taken off, Margie takes it off. Tall and graceful. Gets more legitimate encores than any other stripper. Redhead.

4. Carrie Fennell. Only comedy-novelty stripper in burlesque. Retired for several years and returned recently. Now quite plump. Doesn't strip all the way, but specializes as "bust bouncer." Blonde.

5. Countess Nadja. More versatile

than average and good dancer. Excellent sense of showmanship. Box office in spots. Exotic type. Brunette.

6. Hinda Wassau. Rates next to Corio as a draw. Most creative. Plenty of showmanship. Blonde.

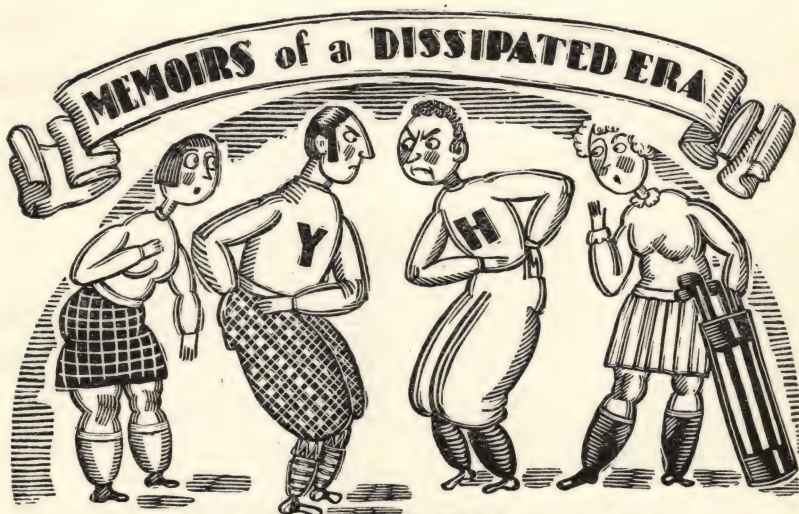
7. Georgia Southern. Speediest stripper. "Crazy" style. On and off faster than anybody. Strips and cooches simultaneously. Redhead.

8. Anne Carroll. Features stagey but lavish costumes. Knows more ways of getting out of a dress than anybody else. Best gams. (Editor's note: Show parlance for "legs") in burlesque. Platinum blonde.

9. Betty Rowland. Tiniest stripper. Most versatile dancer; ballet, buck and bumps. Just a couple of seasons out of the chorus ranks. Redhead.

10. Toots Brawner. Midwest's leading entry. Not particularly talented, but aces in general stripping ability. Saucy type. Brunette.

11. Maxine De Shon. Classiest. One of the few capable singers. Always lands. Brownnet.



THE QUICKEST ON THE DRAW "THE HIP FLASK"

eng by John Held jr who remembers

MRS. ASTOR'S COLT

The author of "Mrs. Astor's Horse,"
breeds a foal from the same stock

THE year 1936, which has long since gone trucking down the corridors of time, was remarkable in many respects, but more particularly in its amazing and often puzzling manifestations of Sex. Students of social customs and of changing trends will be puzzled for many a day over the problems raised by that bleary year.

At first glance, some of the evidence would tend to show that Sex was definitely on the wane. For example, it became the vogue in certain night clubs to have Amazonian lady bouncers. These hefty baritones frightened both men and women. And in one late night spot in New York a young man was heard to utter probably the best wisecrack of the year, to wit: "No, I don't think it's right to say Mr. So and So is queer. It's merely that he is allergic to women!"

Another surface indication that Sex might be going out of style may be seen in the recent court decision that Mr. Crawford Burton, the estimable gentleman



rider, was ridiculed, not flattered as some men might have been, by the accidental distortion of his picture in a cigarette advertisement. Indeed, Mr. Burton, whose social and personal life are unimpeachable, wasn't at all pleased, and started suing right and left. As this is being written he is busy collecting more than \$20,000 on the grounds that the picture held him up to ridicule and subjected him to acute embarrassment. Mr. Burton, by nature a shy and self-effacing man, told the court he was so upset by this advertisement picture (a picture he did not see before publication) that he had to leave his business in Wall Street for several days. And when he had thought things over, he was still mad, by gosh. Who can blame him?

But there is more to the picture. Students who hold that Sex is still with us, and indeed going strong, have a vast amount of evidence to support their side. For example, John Barrymore finally, in Yuma, Arizona, married Elaine Barrie, thus adding one more episode to what has become one of the most boring mating sagas of our times. True, this marriage appears to

By **STANLEY WALKER**

Author of "City Editor," "Mrs. Astor's Horse," etc.

have busted up, but that does not prove anything about Sex.

For the more statistical-minded, there is also comfort in the published income figures which show that Mae West, the very bloom and incarnation of Sex in the United States, got almost as large a salary as William Randolph Hearst, who led the list, and, incidentally, sells Sex as a commodity in his newspapers. As long as Miss West is prosperous, Sex is on the up-grade, no matter what senile old calamity howlers say. She very graciously allowed rotogravure sections to publish pictures of her nude statue—shots taken from various fetching angles.

But for all of Miss West's high standing in this country, it is probable that the siren from Baltimore, she who was Wallis Warfield Simpson, really ranks first in the hearts of her countrymen. The little boarding house in Baltimore where she once lived is by way of becoming a national shrine. The decaying old house where this remarkable woman was born has been almost dismantled by souvenir hunters—each plank and splinter a symbol of something. There is no doubt that all right-thinking Americans are on Mrs. Simpson's side. When the *New York Daily News*, the tabloid with the greatest circulation in America, printed an editorial saying that in a few years David Windsor (for a time King Edward VIII) would wake up some fine morning and view with alarm and

disappointment that old face on the pillow beside him, the outcries from the customers was so terrific that another editorial had to be printed in an attempt to smooth things over. But the hurt had been done. The American people, who seek so fanatically and sometimes pathetically to believe in Love, still cling to the idea that Wally and David will love each other forever, that their affair will go on through the years with undiminished ardor, and that, as we used to say, the dew will always be on the rose. Maybe in their hearts they sometimes have misgivings, but they wouldn't admit it. David and his girl-friend symbolize something very close to the psyche of the ordinary America, and if they ever come to this country they will be swamped with admiration.

It is to Wally and David that the year 1936 owes most of its charm. This is not to say that the year otherwise would have been a drab and loveless thing—not while Mary Astor was around. Miss Astor will be remembered for her so-called diaries in which she listed her All-American team of lovers, a list which makes the rating invented by the late Mr. Walter Camp seem rather puerile and pointless. There has been a change of sentiment in this country. A few years ago the publication of the passionate goings-on of Miss Astor would have meant the end of her career; that was before Sex be-

came popular in this country. As it turned out, she became a tremendous heroine, and probably will become wealthy. The men she listed suffered temporary embarrassment, to be sure, but every one of them now walks proudly among his fellow men, head up, chin firm and eyes bright.

The effect of Miss Astor on American literature is problematical. She was, and is, a great writer, though, as the saying is, she learned to write the hard way. Experts on such matters say that she has given diary-keeping a boost that will last for a couple of generations. Millions of women are neglecting their homes, their families, and even their jobs, and are spending practically all their time writing diaries. Some of these efforts, when aired, probably will turn out to be pretty bad, but that doesn't keep the girls from trying. It is axiomatic that almost all diaries, if honestly kept, make pretty good reading.

Your correspondent has just returned from a tour of the United States. This tour was not undertaken with any prurient motive, or even any romantic motive. The principal reason was to study soil erosion and the breeding of white-faced cattle, which are pretty important matters. Nevertheless, it was impossible not to notice a few matters which may be pertinent to this discussion. Here are some of the notes:

A waitress now sleeps in the

bed which Jack Dempsey once occupied in a roadhouse at Great Falls, Montana, when he was training for Tommy Gibbons, and she is very proud of it, even a bit snooty. In Tucson, Arizona, a young man drove his girl eighty miles one night to buy her a beefsteak smothered with onions. On a train from Portland, Oregon, to San Francisco, a young woman, comely as all get-out, stayed up all night drinking Scotch and shooting dice on the floor of the club car. A barber on the Southern Pacific looked out at the desert and sighed: "I knew a woman in Brooklyn once." In the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco a young lady named Pepper exhibited a bad run in her right stocking and asked the young man with her to buy her a new pair, which he did.

All these incidents, taken singly, might mean little, but they add up to something significant. They seem to mean that Love, which makes the world go round, which brings the roses to the faces of the young and a gleam to the eyes of the elderly, is still with us. The defense rests.

But back to the dear dead year of 1936. The outstanding events of the year, besides those already mentioned, would appear to be the following:

People became more and more candid-camera conscious. It is now the correct thing to have your picture made while being cut open for gallstones, while munching crumpets, while be-

ing pulled out of a cave, and while taking a pratt fall. It is now regarded as a bit vulgar to have your picture taken head on and with a straight face.

People, thank heaven, stopped calling each other Toots.

Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt went ahead doggedly trying to prove, in court, that she is a nice girl.

Lucius Beebe, the millionaire reporter, showed up at the theater in New York one night wearing a \$10,000 diamond-set gardenia. This was one of the more significant portents of the year, and probably means that the revolution will be here any minute.

Herbert Asbury, the gray brooding delver into the grimmer aspects of life, wrote another book about chippies. This one was about New Orleans.

Lucky Luciano, the New York gangster, was convicted of being the head of the compulsory prostitution system in that foul city and was sent to prison for a long term. This trial was partly remarkable because one of the witnesses bore the charming name of Cokey Flo. And because drunks, at late night parties, would sing, "Lucky Luciano is my sweetheart," to the tune of "Little Annie Rooney." This custom was regarded as definitely decadent and was not indulged in by nice people.

Ernest Hemingway came to New York incognito and was observed by not more than three or four hundred persons going

in and out of restaurants and night clubs. But he wouldn't admit he was in town.

Jack Dempsey shook the hands of 1,365,281 persons, pretended to know every one of them, and tried desperately to cure himself of the detestable habit of giving his friends the hot-foot—with no success. He is an addict.

That great horse, Granville, after starting off to a bad season, finally won a lot of races, to the delight and profit of his admirers. He has been retired to the stud, where his backers trust he will find every happiness.

They finally got around to putting Bruno Richard Hauptmann to death in the electric chair. But before that happened, the promising political career of Governor Harold G. Hoffman, the fat young Governor of New Jersey, was just about ruined because he stepped into the case and granted two stays of execution.

Anna Sage, the girl in red who betrayed John Dillinger to the G-men, was deported to Rumania in spite of the pleas of many persons who thought she should have been given high honors, or at least allowed to return to her former occupation as proprietress of what is known as disreputable houses.

Walter Winchell hired a bodyguard.

Haile Selassie quit, and with good reason. It was predicted that Ethiopia would be used for the breeding of beef cattle, which in turn would be eaten by the

Italians, who in turn would become so darned strong and fierce that they would conquer the world.

Alfred Mossman Landon, a Republican from Kansas, ran for President of the United States, and carried Maine and Vermont.

Harry Bridges, a long-nosed labor agitator from Australia, started a shipping strike which pretty well paralyzed the movement of ships.

Representative Marion Zioncheck, whose eccentricities and drinking habits had finally become monotonous, killed himself by jumping out of a window.

Harry Richman and Dick Merrill flew across the ocean and back. The wings of the plane were loaded with ping pong balls, it being Richman's whimsey that the balls would buoy up the plane if it fell into the water.

Mark Sullivan, the journalist, took a firm grip on himself after election and hinted that, after all, America probably would muddle through.

A hen in Japan laid 361 eggs in a year.

A big new call house was opened up in the best residential section of Beverly Hills, California.

Herbert Hoover hired a new ghost writer who had plenty of zip, eight years too late.

John Bleec, proprietor of the Artists and Writers Restaurant in New York, was slapped by a woman without cause.

Airplanes fell all over the place, proving what a lot of people already suspected—that flying is not as safe as it might be. The statistics put out by the publicity men for the air lines were finally shown up as rather meaningless when a plane full of passengers hits the side of a mountain.

Major Edward Bowes encouraged half the nation to make fools of themselves by appearing before a microphone and performing with musical saws, tap dancing and talking in hill billy dialect.

In the first part of the year people sang "The Music Goes Round and Round," but fortunately they soon got over it.

Women's hats looked sillier than ever before in the history of the world.

Arthur Brisbane, the great newspaper man (he wrote the news so even a gorilla could understand it), died in his sleep early Christmas morning.

A play, "The Women," which had a cast consisting entirely of women, opened on Broadway and turned out to be a monumental revelation of the inherent bitchiness of women.

Billy Rose helped celebrate the 100th anniversary of the victory of Texas over Mexico.

A Federal Judge decided that a large batch of contraceptives could be brought into the country legally.

That seems to be about all.

Strictly Privy Conversation

When, my dear Watson, and where,
is a nasty word not a nasty word?

IN THIS, the Land of the Free a woman would not dare walk down the street with her breasts exposed; in Turkey a woman lets her breasts wave gaily in the summer breeze but is considered a slut if she ventures out without a veil in front of her face. But there is this to be said in extenuation: nobody who has ever seen the faces of the average Turkish woman could honestly blame them for taking to the veil.

By this I would point out that morals, as we know them, are not entirely instinctive, being based on large part on geography rather than on what we have come to believe is the basic goodness of man. This is, of course, a synthetic conception of morality, but so is morality synthetic and it has made us nice-Nellyish not only about The Thing itself, but even about the words that describe it and everything that is in any way even remotely connected with it. It was, for instance, only in recent years that we could use the word "breast" in conversation or in an article to be published, and even now there are many places where you have to lay off them—or rather, it.

But Americans aren't the only

ones with that sort of squeamishness. It holds true in every country and with every race, except that most countries and races are not squeamish about the same things. For example, in passing, the English horror at the use of "bloody".

There is one subject, nevertheless, about which the squeamishness is international, and this is extraordinary when you consider that mankind has the pressing functions of the body in common and has always had them, so you would really think that, it being a part of man as much as breathing or the beating of his heart, he would take it as a matter of course and call things by their right names. I refer, gentlemen, to a retreat you all know well, to a place of solitude and reflection and blessed peace, in a word men, I give you—the toilet.

Which brings me to the phase of this nice-mindedness that I really had in mind when I started this article. There are words that practically every language has a certain finickiness about. The reason for this niceness, if you



By **LYON MEARSON**

author of *"Fifty Million Frenchmen"*

can call it that, may be something for the psychoanalysts to dissect. Still, it should not be hard to figure it out for ourselves.

There are times when things have to be called by their true names, and when a euphemism won't do. It is at this point that you get almost the entire reason for this article on a forbidden subject. The fact is, in most countries the citizenry seem to feel that it can take the curse off a word by using its foreign equivalent. I suppose this was originally started in each of these countries by some superior person who had traveled, or studied, exercising his snobbishness by talking in a language his less fortunate countrymen did not understand, thus giving it the feeling of swankiness that was impossible if you used your mother tongue. Thus, stylish foreign words were introduced, as, for instance, the French call a dinner coat, or Tuxedo, a *Smoking Jacket*, sometimes, in order to show their familiarity with the upper class English, just calling it by its first name, a *Smoking*—often pronounced *smok-ange*. In the afternoon they enjoy *Five O'clock Tea*, horribly mispronounced, and they use many other words in the same way, just as we here often achieve superiority by using French words, especially in women's clothing and styles.

Which brings us, more or less indirectly, to the French words for privy. All over France they

use *Water Closet*, which they fondly believe is the English way of designating this place. And now, after many generations of using the words, they abbreviate it, and the letters *W. C.* are lettered on all privy doors. Pronounced *Wawtaire clawset*.

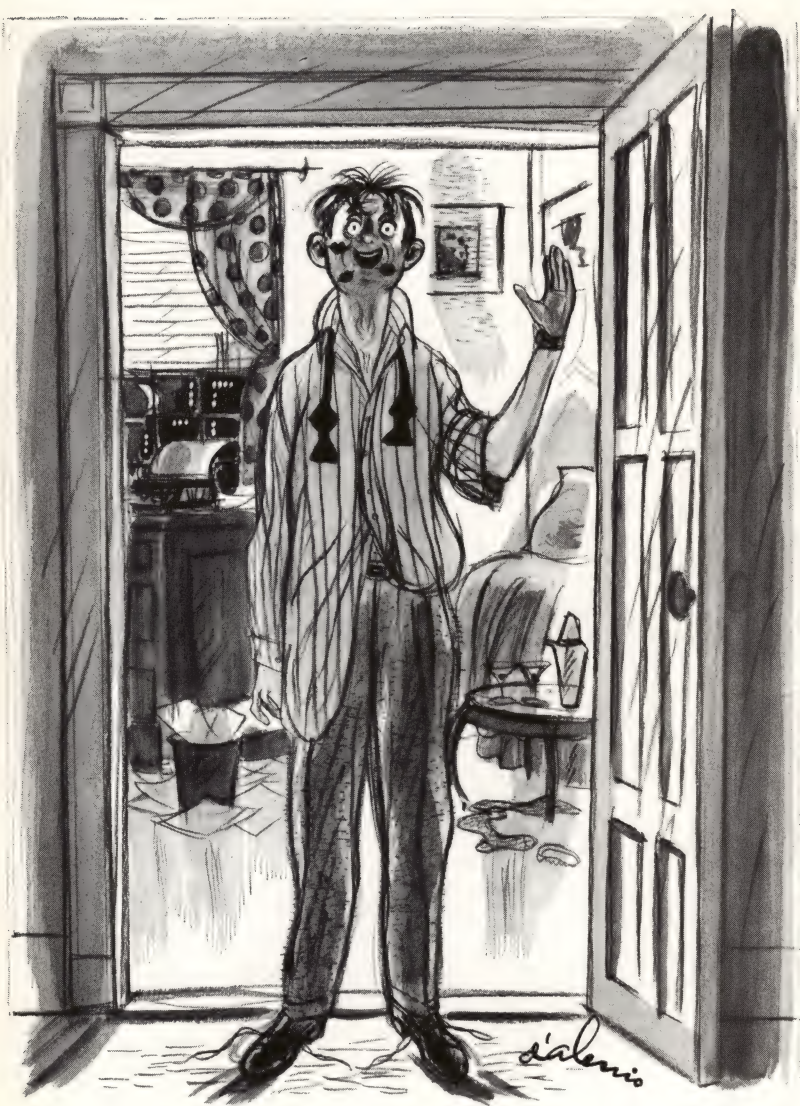
And yet, the Germans, supposed to be the bluntest, the most direct of all races, with none of the little gracile touches that a light, frivolous people like the French employ, also use a foreign word to designate a place that was unaffected by the treaty of Versailles and is probably the only part of Germany that continues in its ancient useful grandeur. They call it by a foreign word also, and what language would you say they use? Never mind, it's French. They call it the *pissoir*, and to a nice, finicky German mind, goose-stepping along the way his ancestors have always thought and spoken, it apparently seems that there is a delicacy and grace about the word that avoids all unpleasant connotations.

Not that we need to feel superior about it in this country, or in England, for we say, *toilet*, which is not an English word, nor an Anglo-Saxon one. It is French. And thus it would appear that, by a vote of two to one, the French are elected as the great-granddaddies of the comfort-stations of the world.

It's funny, to travel through Europe and see them throwing the blame for whatever they con-



"That young lady shouldn't have sneaked up on us!"



"Bye, bye, Cuddles. On my word, honey, you'll get a paragraph in my next column"



"What's this, Deacon? I distinctly said 'Bring in some proselytes!'"



"So! I was just a telephone number!"

sider unpleasant on some adjoining nation. There is one rubber article, for example, the sale of which is illegal in almost every land, and yet its use is so widespread that no effort is ever actually made to restrict it. In France, which enjoys one of the lowest birthrates in all Europe and is, in addition, a predominantly Catholic country, you can buy them in dozen lots at every drug store—if you know the name. And the name is—don't laugh, please—*Capote d'Anglais*—the English cloak, or, if you prefer, the English riding-hood.

It's only recently in this country that we've become so much less reticent about the use of the word 'syphilis' that we use it in ordinary conversation, or in our magazines. Up to a few years ago it was found only in medical journals. But we're not alone in our touchiness about the word, or the disease. During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, it was called *The English Disease* in Italy, and the French called it *The Italian Disease*. The English, for their part, ascribed it to the French.

Locutions of this character surprise you more when the French are guilty, somehow, because one always thinks of them as being very frank about that sort of thing. And whenever I think of French frankness I think of a word of Marshal Cambron and how it became popular in France. The word is *merde*, a dunghill word that sounds just as ugly and nasty in

the ears of a Frenchman as our own four-letter word of the same meaning sounds to us. For a long time only the lower classes used the word, but Marshal Cambron brought it into favor.

It happened at the Battle of Waterloo. Marshal Cambron, with his wing of the army, was entirely surrounded by the British, and the opposing general sent word to him that he was cut off, and that he would accept his surrender and save bloodshed. From the heights of his white horse the heroic Marshal lifted his sword in a god-like gesture and threw at the envoy the one classic word, *merde!*

This so captured the imagination of the French that after his death a marble statute was raised to the Marshal in the south of France and only one word was sculptured on its base—a word I leave it to you to guess, as by now you're probably in a pretty bright mood. For forty years this word and this statue stood, until, in a Puritanical wave that swept all of France, the five letters were hacked off the base of the statue. But the word had become popular and remains in constant use. Yet occasionally a squeamish person who finds it necessary to describe the word, or to use it, waves his hand airily and says, "You know, a word of Cambron's," and a word of Cambron's it has remained to this moment, constituting almost his chief claim to fame, and drowning out the thunderous cannons of Waterloo.

Lloyd's Of Times Square

Mister, meet Jack Doyle. A right-guy,
he makes odds you bet your money on

THE first person a movie casting director would dismiss, in searching for a man to play the part of a big time gambler, would be Jack Doyle. He is an inconspicuous soul, somewhat nude of pate, with an appealing sort of serenity about him. He dresses very conservatively, doesn't drink, swears in a mediated manner, and reads George Santayana. He will be 61 years old March 9, looks it, and feels it.

Yet, past his grey-blue eyes has marched the prime, decline and resurrection of a great nation. He has had a ringside seat at America's lusty spasm of growing pains, and a good seat too—for he has never lived farther away from Times Square than 57th Street, which is 14 city blocks from the corner where he, John McGraw and Tod Sloan opened a billiard parlor 31 years ago.

The cliché artists call Jack Doyle "the New York betting commissioner," without variation. Thus there must be millions of Americans, living in that

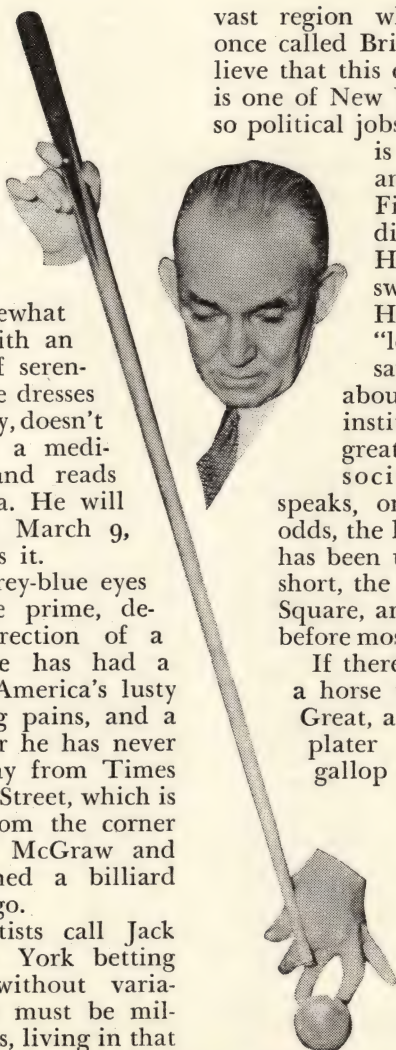
vast region which Bugs Baer once called Bridgeport, who believe that this commissionership is one of New York's million or so political jobs, and that Doyle

is in some way answerable to Sr. Fiorella La Guardia, or Tammany Hall. Doyle is answerable to neither. He is a militant "loner," as the boys say, but there is about him the rugged institutionalism of a great corporation or society. When he

speaks, on the matter of odds, the last possible word has been uttered. He is, in short, the Lloyd's of Times Square, and has been since before most of us were born.

If there had never been a horse named Peter the Great, a sprinting selling plater which used to gallop around the New

York tracks in the early '90's, Jack Doyle, as a one-man institution probably never would have appeared on what the fancier hacks call the



By BOB CONSIDINE

American Scene. Peter the Great, indeed, might have come and gone, and not changed the career of Jack Doyle, but its owner happened to enter it in an important stake at Sheepshead Bay on the very fall day, in 1890, that Jack Doyle paid his first visit to that venerated track. Peter was a pathetic entry, put in there only with a view to taking third money. For the race was strictly between Darien and John Cooper, two fine nags who were the twin favorites.

Peter was 100-to-1 on the bookies' pads that day we speak of, and Jack Doyle, a drug store handy-boy, had decided that this was his horse. Always good at figures in the parochial schools of his native Springfield, Mass., young Jack had calculated in his lightning way that he had just enough money on which to eat, get back home, and invest two bob in a race.

He went resolutely over to the high stand of a big florid-faced bookie, reached up his two dollars, and said he wanted it placed on the nose of the long-shot.

The man looked down at him in an amused manner and asked: "What's your name, boy?"

Jack told him.

The bookie turned to his sheet man and boomed, "Mister Doyle bets two dollars in cash on Peter the Great at one thousand to one."

Jack swallowed very hard and said, weakly, "You made a mistake, sir. He's only a hundred to one on the board."

The bookie masterfully repeated his boom, and Jack walked away in a daze, his verification slip clutched raptly in his hand.

Now the owners of Darien and John Cooper had instructed their boys to keep their bugles glued to each other and, to coin a phrase that was popular in those days, to Hell with Peter the Great. So when they broke from the barrier, Peter ankled out in front until he was 18 lengths to the good, with the co-favorites sparring cautiously far behind and the crowd in a fretful, fearful stew.

By the time he had wheezed into the home stretch, Peter's margin had been reduced to five lengths and he was as frazzled as a taxi dancer when the fleet pulls out. But Jack Doyle, hanging over the rail, was being transported to some 47th heaven of expectation. Two thousand and two dollars, cash, was not only more money than he had ever seen in his life, but more money than he believed existed. He was getting ready to rush caterwauling back to the bookie's stand, and collect his suitcase of money, when the quivering nose of Darien twitched up abreast of Peter the Great, and lunged over the finish line an inch in front of the long-shot.

The boy never recovered. The experience strapped his being with an overpowering curiosity, not so much for horses, as for betting odds. A couple years later he sought out a distant

relative, one Billy Hayes, an itinerant bookmaker, and through some conscientious cajolery became his apprentice sheet-maker. Where Hayes went, so went young Doyle. And in due time he reached New York where, at 25, he opened his first billiard parlor. That was about the time of the Spanish-American war.

In the years that have paraded past his view, Jack Doyle has seen more sports events than any man in the world. It is possible that one or two sports writers have seen more baseball, such as Jimmy Isaminger of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, Bill Slocum and Sid Mercer of the *New York American*, or Harry Salsinger of the *Detroit News*. Perhaps Ed Curley has seen more races, and Grantland Rice a few more football games. But no man ever saw more of a varied degree of sports events than Jack Doyle, for he is primarily a fan with a boundless range of interest—and secondarily *the man who puts a price, or odd, on the head of every competitor and team on which you might be interested in making a bet.*

Doyle does not confine his price-fixing to sports. His odds on Roosevelt and Landon were universally accepted as official,

with F.D.R. winding up at 1 to 6 and no takers. He brims with such magpie information as the odds on your being injured by a bicycle (a 1,000,000-to-1 shot which probably interests him because he has been floored four times by the sprocket boys during his long stay in New York), the chances of meeting the girl you've been looking for, the odds on catching a cold, measles, spinal meningitis and chilblains. He knows the odds on John D. Senior's expectancy of life. He can quote you a price on what kind of a shot you are to jump out of the Empire State Building, or to shoot the Chief Justice. Such prices are easy enough to set. So far as the odds on sickness are concerned, he can check up with the health statistics, and do a little long division with the number of cases of such sicknesses as compared to the popu-



lation. The expectancy of life, love, assassination and broad jumps are equally easy to locate, from life insurance reports, American history and personal observation.

No one, of course, will ever know how many millions and millions of dollars have been bet as a result of odds established by Doyle, nor will it ever be known, perhaps, how much

more money actually has passed through his hands in his long association with contests in this country and abroad. Doyle's own records would be incomplete even on the latter mainly because he has never charged a commission on a bet yet, although he is known as a betting commissioner. He is going to begin biting a small percentage out of the principal this year, like his rivals in the gambling business, the stock brokers.

This is a late date to be asking for a legitimate piece of the bets he handles, but it took the last Presidential election to convince Doyle that for years he had been giving away something he could have sold. An English client, to whom he paid \$3,750 for having bet \$2,500 on Roosevelt at 1-to-2, cabled back that there must be some mistake. Doyle had neglected to take the customary commissioner's cut. Doyle wrote back and explained that he didn't do things like that, and in due time a note came back from the Englishman, on crested stationery, informing him he was a silly ass.

Strangest bet Doyle ever took on a Presidential race was in 1912 when Woodrow Wilson and Charles Evans Hughes were battling it out toe to toe. Doyle had just released a new brace of odds on the contest, quoting Wilson at 9-to-10. The odds were still hot off the griddle when he received a telegram from a man in a whistle halt named Goldson, Georgia, which informed him

that he had deposited \$10,000 in Doyle's name at a New York bank, and would bet it on Wilson at the prevailing odds.

Doyle, like you, had never heard of Goldson. He did not know the name of the bettor, and it sounded like the usual blufferoo. He stuck the telegram in his pocket and forgot about it until that night when Grantland Rice happened into the billiard hall. Now Grant is a Georgian and knows more crackers by their first names than does Mr. Loose-Wiles, if there is a Mr. Loose-Wiles. He did not know this particular gent, but he did know that the town from which the telegram came was in a region wherein lived many cotton barons. His incurable curiosity now aroused, Doyle called the bank the next morning and, sure enough, there lay \$10,000 waiting for him.

Doyle could have gone to the bank, collected the money, torn up the telegram and been that much richer. Instead, he took the money, wired the man that it was a bet, and in due time turned over \$19,000 to him. The fellow blew the dough in by bringing a party of friends to New York, and his chief port of call was Doyle's. He said he had taken a chance on Doyle's honesty simply because Rice had mentioned him favorably in a sports column! The ensuing years have done little to change Doyle's status as an irreproachable bulwark in America's deeply inbred gambling spirit.

Man and boy he has seen them come and go in his day. He has had bets, pro and con, on some of the most suffocating frauds ever inflicted on an undeserving citizenry, but to this day he maintains a quiet awe of sports, almost bordering on the naive, and will defend its integrity so long as he has the strength.

"Listen, son," he told me not long ago, when I asked him how he avoided cynicism after his years of association, "when I begin nosing around before an event to find out whether it is on the up and up, I'm getting out. An old bookmaker told me once that if you string along on the premise that every race is honest you'll come out right in the long run. That's the best piece of advice I ever had, and I believe it more and more as the years go on.

"It's luck, see? Luck. Luck means everything in a gamble. Look at horse racing, for instance. To be classed as an expert you must have twenty attributes. You must be a good clocker, a walking form sheet, a student of breeding, a master of distances and track surfaces, and a dozen other things. But if you haven't got luck with you, you go broke. Over the long run, luck is the persuading factor in sports, and everything else in life. The crooked stuff doesn't add up to much, when it's stacked against luck."

Doyle took only one bet on the 1919 World Series. He discovered, quite by chance, that the

regrettable White Sox of that era had picked up, toward the end of the season, a couple of the country's most abysmal gutter gamblers. They affixed themselves to the team and followed it around like an aromatic caboose. Doyle, sniffing the air suspiciously, left New York for a long golfing tour, wanting no part of that business. It was the only World Series he ever missed.

"The dogs in the streets knew that one was phoney," he muses. He won the early bet he had taken on the series, but called it off.

In line with his philosophy on the honesty of sports, Jack Doyle no longer worries or wonders over the baffling upsets that have marked the athletic business these past few years. "It's getting so now," said he the other day, "that it's an upset when the favorite comes through and wins." He excepts the Presidential race, where the favorite has won every time since the Civil War.

He has figured out that if someone had parlayed a dollar on every long shot of the 1936 sport year he would have gotten back \$3,894,618,340. The original dollar bet would have gone to Stanford, which was the underdog against S.M.U. in the Rose Bowl game last year. Then Top Row beat Discovery in the Santa Anita Handicap and loosed a landslide of underdogs, including the Yankees, Giants, Gold Venture, Tony Manero, Reaping Reward, Johnny Fischer, Action, Alice Marble, Lou Meyer

and the countless football upset teams.

Gene Sarazen gave Doyle the worst licking he ever took on a sports event. That was back in 1932 when the fire-plug shaped Italian was floundering around in the Open. He was so far behind the leaders, with 28 holes left to play, that Doyle, who was on the scene changing his odds every five minutes, posted him at 100-to-1. There were immediately a number of takers.

Mr. Doyle still winces a little when he talks about that one. Sarazen, who is a very tough party when the tabs are down, played those last 28 holes in 100 shots, which was 14 under par—and won his tournament. Doyle believes Bobby Jones was the best of them all, none-the-less. He rates Sarazen and Hagen jointly at second.

It was Francis Ouimet, however, who gave him his biggest golf thrill. It was the famous Amateur of a generation ago at Brookline, of course, in which the former caddy, then in short pants, whipped the world's No. 1 and No. 2 golfers, Harry Vardon and Ted Ray. Mr. Doyle, a dilettante to the core, rooted against Mr. Ray because he had ridden out to the links on the street car with him and had detected that Mr. Ray was expectorating tobacco juice into the pocket of his own loose tweed coat. For the same sort of reason Mr. Doyle disliked his old-time contemporary, Diamond Jim Brady, whose table manners

were more porcine than otherwise. He disliked Williams Jennings Bryan too, for the great Chautauqua hollerer dabbed butter on his radishes.

Doyle is not necessarily one of those old timers who cannot see the modern athlete for looking, but he does believe that Mike Kelley, the old Oriole, was a greater and brainier player than Cobb, and he does class John L. Sullivan as the greatest fighter of them all, with Jim Jeffries second and Dempsey a half a dozen lengths behind.

"Sure Sullivan was best," he contends. "Trouble with most people is that they remember him as a pot-bellied old boy who couldn't get out of his own way. They forget that he never was the same old Sully after he had typhoid in '87. But from 1882 to 1886 he was the greatest piece of fighting machinery they ever had. He was the first man to develop an honest knockout punch, where before that they used to just stand there and cut each other to ribbons. Not Sullivan. He knocked them cold. He was a fighting fighter too. He must have fought a thousand times in his good days—one night stands, offering anybody \$1,000 who could stand up four rounds with him, and never having to pay it. *Phooie* on some of these modern fighters. Sully could have taken them all on at once.

"Of course now I'm talking about fighting, not boxing. Taking footwork, punch and staying power into consideration, Jef-

fries must be placed on top. He was champion during the era that produced the greatest bunch of heavyweights that ever arrived simultaneously. He had to wade through Gus Ruhlin, Tom Sharkey, Joe Choynski, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett."

Doyle looks on Joe Louis as a sports page myth, more than a superman, and wants to know who Dempsey ever beat. "The tip-off on Jack," he says, not unkindly, "is that he lost to Tunney."

The most money ever bet on a Kentucky Derby, Doyle reports, was the year Morvich won it, but the most money lost on a Derby horse was probably last year when Brevity, topheavy favorite, was whipped by Bold Venture. The longest priced favorite is invariably the top man in a big golf tournament, who is

never shorter than 10-to-1 and usually 15-to-1. "That's because there are probably fifteen players in every big tournament who are capable of winning it. You could play fifteen Opens in a row, I believe, and get fifteen different winners."

Speaking of golf reminds us of the only occasion of late that the calm professorial Doyle has been taken for a sucker. He was trudging across the heather of Baltrusol last year when a big drawling guy approached him and asked him the odds on Joe Ezar, of Texas.

Doyle had never heard of him, so he said in a more or less dismissing manner, "'Ezar'? I'd bet five bucks, even, that he doesn't know how to find his way here."

"Pay me," said Mister Ezar, sticking out his paw—and Doyle paid off.

NO PLACE FOR MEN!

Quoting the *Observer*, Orangeburg, S. C.: "Those who would ply the avocation of a flirt or masher find little opportunity for that sideline of activity in the town of Abilene, Texas, if an ordinance passed by the municipal authorities is strictly enforced. Following is an extract of the law:

"It shall be unlawful for any person to idle or loiter on any street or thoroughfare, sidewalk, or alley, or in any store, theater, motor car, motion picture show, business house, or in the entrance or doorway of any place within the corporate limits of the city of Abilene for the purpose of plying the avocation of a flirt or masher.

"It shall further be unlawful for any man to stare at or make googoo eyes at, or in any other manner look at or make remarks to or concerning, or cough or whistle at, or do any other act to attract the attention of any woman upon or travelling along any of the sidewalks, streets, public ways of the city of Abilene with an intent or in a manner calculated to annoy such woman." *Excerpt from "It's the Law," by Dick Hyman.*

LUSHING LADIES

Meet the Leaping-weepie, or female
bar-fly, most deadly of the species

OUR confused and unhappy sex lives and learns very little. It doesn't take us long to find out that experience is no more a teacher than is a galloping toothache, or a soft corn—which is, of course, what makes Colonel Brady and Peg-Leg O'Grady brothers under the skin.

We persist, in our doltish way, in making goo goo eyes at flirtatious wives whose husbands bowl in the same league. We keep on doggedly Trying to See if One Man Can Drink It All—though we learned at 18 that he can't, nor can he and his brother Joe. Worst of all, we go right on inviting a lady into a saloon to talk it all over and have a few!

Nothing, I am convinced, inflicts more anguish upon us than leading the lassies to liquor, and most of us have known it full well ever since that blonde (what was her name?) cleared off the speakeasy shelf with our best malacca walking cane and then thumped right merrily upon the gourd of the protesting proprietor. And yet, blown up with that dreadful mixture of pride, valor and stupidity which passes for the male ego, we go right on tilting the jug



for the gals—knowing that without warning they will weep, scream, break crockery, assault the trembling and helpless barman or make an amorous grab for any handy stranger! Oh shame and agony!

The whole foul business of feminine drinking is one which

the mature and thoughtful man views with the deepest fear and loathing. Compared with a cutie with a few under her stylish monogrammed belt, an imaginative Missouri mule is a model of consistency. The beauteous rumpot is the last word in human unpredictability. As the lovely fumes mount into the skull, the gentlest and most tractable Mrs. Jekyll becomes a peculiar horrible Madame Hyde. It is safe to say that every woman known to medical science is a long-shot lush. Once the bottle is uncorked, there is no such thing as a form-runner among that Other Funny Sex!

Not only does the cooked brain of the lady begin to improvise strange rumbas and sarabands, her very physical being usually undergoes a horrifying sea-change. With the third snifter, she begins to fall apart in all directions before your very

By LEONARD HALL

eyes. No matter how frozen her permanent, it comes unstuck here and there. Her girlish face begins to sag in spots, her eyes go liquid and loose, and her tongue starts that losing battle with the consonants. At this point the truly wise man will gently excuse himself, head ostensibly for The Gents', and then run for his life. Of course, he never does. He stays for the grisly finish of the innocent prank he has begun—and if he does not land in the calaboose or in the hospital he is certain to awake next morning with his head bumping the eight-ball!

I devoutly hope that the surviving brothers and sisters who helped curse the Republic with Prohibition nearly two decades ago, are preparing their pure white bodies for Hell's hottest grid. It was really these sweet-breathed hounds of Heaven who saddled us with the insoluble problems of female tipting. They drove the Old Enemy behind barred and bolted doors. They made drinking adventurous, devilish and cute, and thus of irresistible appeal to the girls.

The smarter speakeasy maestri soon learned to lure and hold the ladies during the long drab afternoons, until the boys could roar in to nibble cocktails and pick up the tabs. They adorned their pansified bars with cut flowers. Behind the mahogany they stationed road companies of Valentino and George Raft (nearly all named Luigi) with greased hair, slave bracelets, and

the Latin type of boudoir eyes.

To please the tender palates of the skirted customers, most of whom were making their first tentative experiments with booze, thugs and murderers in white coats concocted all sorts of sweet and sickening potions.

We didn't know it then, but we were off to the races! The Scotch-absorbing ladies of today are the daughters of the sneaky Sidecar!

Thus passed Man's last happy sanctuary, The Bar—the one spot left him to mingle amiably with his kind, to tell dirty stories, to be truly free from all petticoat pestering! Today, God help us, we are forced to fight a herd of chattering grey apes for the merest belly-space. Today, in even the best places, it is no longer considered bad form to sock a dame, even with a glass in her hand.

Small wonder that countless thousands of us have hopelessly mounted to the seat of the water-wagon, or have become solitary pantry-drinkers of the most vicious type!

The problems of my generation, and probably yours, really began in those incredible times when we carried a flask as consistently as we carried the torch. It was mason-jar gin, drawn warm from the hip, that first taught us the ghastly antics of corned cuties. Every man now alive in this country, barring life-long teetotallers and the celibate clergy, no doubt has a dark and dusty pigeon hole in

the back of his noggin which is crammed with such nasty nightmares. Certainly they are among the most awful impedimenta which clutter and befoul the human attic!

I shall no more forget my first experience of co-educational hoopla than I shall forget the day I had six teeth out. It all happened a dozen years ago, and my collaborator was a strong, sturdy lass from the open spaces who has since become one of the country's foremost entertainers.

It was All In Fun. It always is, damn it! I had no notion whatever of the effect of ethyl alcohol on the delicate female organism. We were just young, and so was the evening—and even younger was the infantile Maryland rye, which we approached in such an innocent and prankish spirit. Of course, I learned later that the natives of the Eastern Shore also used the fluid to remove barnacles from fishing schooners.

But there were we, laughing merrily together as we teetered on the very brink of the pit. We had one, and then another, after which we sang one verse and a chorus of *Mother Machree* and had a third. Before we knew it the old, old urge to ring doorbells and annoy friends was upon us, and it was into the night, to horse, and away!

And so, skipping harmlessly down the winter street, it was with some surprise, and even consternation, that I suddenly

discovered myself head first in a large, crusted snow-drift. Utterly unknown to me, the child had suddenly become a victim of the Play Urge, or Souse-Type 445-B, and I merely happened to be the nearest Toy. Once I had fought my way again into the open air, I quickly decided that it was now my pick, and I chose Tag.

She liked the game, and since I was both steadier and fleetier, I led my jolly playfellow across the threshold of a friendly home by a good two lengths—weather clear and cold, track slippery. Once enveloped in the warmth of indoors, the darling curled upon a coil of barbed wire and fell asleep like a little tired child—while I steamed and restored my tissues before three or four revolving open fires. And, believe it or no, to this very day the lady remembers gratefully what she considers my knightly gallantry on the occasion of her first real plastering—when all I was trying to do was to save my own life and limbs and see that she did a quiet pass-out ere the pie-wagon clanged up and we were trundled off to Precinct N!

This horrid experience, naturally, taught me nothing. I continued to blunder my miserable way down the conventional list of alcoholic errors in the company of bounding baby-dolls whose didoes, once the bubbles were well up their shiny little noses, have put these interesting grey patches at my temples and

have started seemingly incurable cankers on my silly, fun-loving soul.

Oh memories that curse and burn! There was the cuddly little honey-pie from Joe-gia—all pinkness and whiteness and unguessed depths of villainy! In my eternally boyish innocence I allowed the helpless, clinging little thing to march against four martinis at one of the better hell-holes on Madison avenue. Nor was I warned by a faint brightening of the big blue eyes and the slow thickening of the accent to the consistency of concrete.

It was not until we had emerged from the dive and I was pointing out the beauty of the full moon impaled on the spire of the Chrysler Building that I noted anything amiss. Honey-Chile, for some reason known only to her own black soul, was seated on the curbstone carefully removing her shoes and stockings. She insisted that we resume our midnight stroll with her bare pinkies patting the pavement, and though I considered the thing a trifle bizarre I raised no objection. It was not until she approached a total stranger (he happened, by the merest coincidence, to be a police sergeant in full dress uniform, complete with medals and badges) and invited him to join us in a toddy or two, that the alarm went off in my addled noggin.

I did not really need his suggestion, which he offered in the

kindest spirit, that the little peach be heaved into the nearest sea-going hack. It was the work of only a few minutes to rush her to her hotel, where I placed her in charge of a cringing night clerk and fled to Rahway, N. J., under an assumed name.

Then there was the minx known to many of us as "Disappearing Dolly"—a Case History many of us remember with heartfelt loathing. We thoughtless lads were wont to invite this Dream Child into a bar, now and again, for a spot of some harmless tonic, and then quite forget her in the heat of a dreadful argument on some moot point of esthetics or amour. Turning to "Dolly" for corroboration, we found no trace.

Invariably, however, we noted a low, confused mumbling from the general direction of the floor. And just as invariably we discovered the girl seated comfortably on the brass rail, among the sawdust and cuspidors, engaged in a long, involved altercation with her other (and I trust better) self. This was a harmless aberration, and common to both sexes. Our only complaint was that "Disappearing Dolly" did not disappear completely. She was always on hand for the next round.

Every young man today owes it to himself and his future misery to study seriously the morbid alcoholic psychology of women. Let me suggest, for this field work, any thriving busi-

ness office in Manhattan on the afternoon preceeding Christmas Day. I know no finer laboratory. At that time occurs what is known as "The Christmas Party", or "Holiday Shambles," when amazing and terrifying experiments are performed. Whiskey is the catalytic agent—the guinea pigs are the young ladies of the staff.

No doubt the jolly, red-faced vice president who inspires and leads the revels means it well, as a sort of annual what-the-hell. And when he goes home to his wife with lip-grease on his collar he has only himself to blame.

The fumes affect the help in startling and frightening ways. That mousy little Miss Rosemary Lapidus, who has said nothing but "Yes, Mr. Smudge," for the past 364 days, is inspired to hurl herself bodily into his lap, nuzzle his neck and roaringly confess that he has been her very ownest Robert Taylor from the very first day she set foot in the office. The organization Gay Girl, from whom downright licentiousness is expected, is most apt to take a couple of quick ones (with the little finger out) and then retire behind a filing cabinet—either because she is filled with shame and disgust for her mates, or because she can better fend off the headlong attacks of the art director.

Yes, I heartily recommend these nasty affairs to all young men learning their way about, and especially to those who have just been bounced from college

for majoring in *bier abends* at the Dutchman's. At such times they can behold and study the whole grim gamut of symptoms—faint exhilaration, leading to the mass singing of *The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi*, the urge to amorous dalliance, the sudden yen to crack the office manager over the head with her own pastepot, and finally the Will to Slumber on a desk.

All horrible, true, but helpful to the young, malleable mind!

Then, too, for those unhappily fated to stumble after us down the years there remains a brief but magnificent history of the earliest days of Public Female Drinking in the sparse but brilliant canon of Miss Dorothy Parker. Vide her immortal portrait of the speakeasy sweet who yearned, after the sixth, to find a poor lonely horse and take it home to her apartment. Miss Parker, now retired from Tony's to innocent domesticity with a young and handsome spouse, has painted still other Dames in Liquor—sordid mementoes of the Sodden Twenties when we first learned, to our great sorrow, that soused ladies yell loudest and fall hardest and farthest!

A mass of scar tissue, physical and spiritual, we venerable relics of those times have learned, I trust, to avoid the more obvious pitfalls that beset our ways with the maids. Personally, I dare hope that I have apologized for the last time to cops, barmen, hostesses and adjacent visiting Elks for the frightful behavior of

the wistful little girl-creature shrieking at my side!

And here it is only 4.40. My, *WHAT* a long day it's been! I wonder if Daisy's in. Now there's a girl you can take anywhere, soused or sober. Good old Daze,

how she can hold it! I think I'll just give the old wench a jingle on the phone.

Perhaps she'd like to drop over to the corner and flex the elbow. *THERE'S* a gal who'll never let a pal down!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HORSES?

Answers to the following questions will be found on page 90. These questions are from the book "Equestionnaire," by Harry Disston, Harper Bros., 49 E. 43 St., New York City. 199 p. \$2.00

1. What are the unmixed colors of horses?
2. What is a piebald?
3. What is a roan?
4. What is the correct term for what is sometimes called a "sorrel"?
5. What, with respect to a horse's markings, is a race?
6. To what does "hogging" refer?
7. To what does "docking" refer?
8. In what unit of measurement is a horse's height expressed?
9. How many inches are contained in this unit?
10. What is a normal male horse called?
11. What is a female horse called?
12. What is a gelding?
13. What, in general, are newly born horses called?
14. How long does a mare carry her young?
15. What is the normal life span of a horse?
16. What, according to available records, is the longest a horse has lived?
17. Approximately how far can a conditioned horse under average favorable conditions of footing, country and weather, be ridden in a day without exhaustion?
18. Approximately what is the length of a running horse's stride?
19. What are the fastest three gaits, in order of speed?
20. What is the highest a horse has jumped?

A Manual of Seduction

or

The Compleat Philanderer

I HAVE been asked to incorporate some of the advice I give young men in an article to be published in a book. Here it is. If the advice is worthless to you who are reading this, because your mind is on other things, or because you are settled into a rut and are too old to learn, or for reasons beyond your control, will you kindly pass it on to a friend? If you have no friends, burn it at once. If you are of the steadfast type and are married to a pretty young woman who seems moderately satisfied with her lot, and if there is a man hanging around whom you suspect of trying to persuade her that he can offer her a lot superior to the one she is moderately satisfied with, and if she is not easy to persuade, and if you have reasons to suppose the man capable of following printed instructions, keep this from him at all costs.

For the sake of lucidity I divide my advice into four categories: Equipment, Method, Raw Material, and Keeping Score.

As for equipment, the first

rule is, travel light. Keeping your baggage at a minimum increases your mobility, helps to maintain financial solvency, and prevents your abandoning valuable stores and ammunition to the enemy in case of emergency evacuation. There is no excuse for an amorist getting himself confused with Admiral Byrd. I knew one fellow, a Lithuanian who operated on the Grand Street sector, otherwise a sound technician, who went so far as to advocate carrying one's own mattress. That is sybaritic nonsense. Every calling has its hardships and difficulties, and it is both inefficient and unsportsmanlike to attempt to evade them. Even if you did have your own mattress, and if you did succeed in solving the transport problem, it would greatly complicate your exit, a detail that will be dealt with under Method. And the man out west somewhere (I never met him)

who suggested an air mattress was obviously an impractical dreamer. Had he ever, I wonder, outraged his lungs—indeed, his entire diaphragm—by inflating



By REX STOUT

a stout fellow indeed

an air mattress to the required buoyancy? If he had, what was he good for then? He might reply that he also carried an automobile tire pump. I retort, what are we, gallants or garage mechanics?

There are of course certain minimum requirements in outfitting below which it is not prudent to go. You will need the usual items of clothing, of as good a quality as you can afford, and tidy throughout. Make sure, for instance, that your shoe-strings are not frayed, or discolored by having something spilled on them; women notice the little things and set great store by them—at least in attire. Your suit should be of some good sturdy material that will stand rough handling, and, when conventional black is not *de rigueur*, it should be in color of a neutral tone, preferably gray, so as not unduly to betray powder marks, stray hairs, dust from rugs and the like. In shirts, ties and socks simply follow your own taste, since you will gain nothing by trying to sail under false colors, though it will do no harm for you to consult with your outfitter on those details. Most important of all is your hat. It is better to wear none; but if you are too conventional to venture forth bareheaded, make sure at least that the gear is of a light flexible felt which can be easily folded to go into your pocket, and do not under any circumstances permit your hatter to put your initials in it,

or any distinguishing mark whatever. Many a promising young amoroso has had his career abruptly halted, even fatally terminated, on account of hat-carelessness. There are occasions when a topper or crusher is unavoidable, but a good practice in such cases is to leave your hat downstairs with the hallboy, or, if you are working a private house, tie it to your coat lapel with a piece of string. It is a nuisance dangling there, but if you are any good at all you will have your coat off within twenty minutes after entering, and in the event of sudden interruption, real or fancied, grab one and you've got both.

It is impossible to give general advice regarding jewelry, timepiece and other knickknacks. If you and the subject have complete faith and trust in each other, and if when dressing for your sally it is your intention to remain comparatively sober, sport your gauds as you will. It is well, however, to have a set of phonies on hand for use on doubtful occasions, and a cheap but reliable wrist watch. It is dangerous to wear rings. There was a case recently in Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, where an amateur amorist (a chap no one ever heard of), trying to use the quick approach, got his ring caught in the subject's hair at the back of her neck, as the pair stood in the front hall. Unthinking, she screamed "Ouch!" and the next-door neighbor, overhearing, had her curiosity



"Tsh, tsh, Mr. Wopping. This has been at your house since Christmas"



"I brought along my Aunt Hester—she's an amusing old bitch!"





*"There's Vi Vanzell out of Nancy Smythe by John V. Vanzell,
the cement magnate!"*

aroused. The neighbor maliciously called the subject on the telephone, kept her there for several minutes telling her funny stories, and completely changed her mood; and the amorist went home empty-handed, cursing his luck, when luck had had nothing to do with it. His failure to score had been due entirely to his own criminal negligence in forgetting to remove his ring.

The only special item of equipment that I recommend is one I have been using for many years. I got it from my Uncle Lothario, who was formerly a streetcar conductor in St. Louis. You may remember that streetcar conductors used to wear a dingus, fastened to a strap suspended from the neck, which consisted of parallel metal tubes of different diameters, welded together. One tube held quarters another dimes, two of them nickels. When Uncle Lothario got promoted to an inspectorship through the influence of the wives of eight of the company officials, he gave me his dingus. I never go out on a gynecolatry case without wearing it. What I use it for depends on the circumstances. There have been times, I confess, when I filled it with slugs, but only when I was temporarily short of cash or was harboring suspicions. At one time it was my wont to carry 2½-dollar gold pieces in the dime tube, 5-dollar pieces in the nickels, and 10s in the quarters, but the Federal interdiction on gold forced me to quit. The government needed it

worse than I did! In ordinary work I use the tubes for the purpose for which nature intended them; they save a great deal of dillydally and folderol, since the money is in plain sight and thus settles at once in the subject's mind such questions as dinner probabilities, champagne, shopping strolls, unnecessary indulgences, and—in rare cases—emoluments.

I strongly advise that you acquire a streetcar conductor's dingus and have it chromium plated. You can probably find one in an antique shop; or, if you care to wait a year or so, until I have reached the point of accepting a certain conclusion, mine will in all likelihood be for sale.

The question of method is not only moot, it is chaotic. Not only does it vary with the personality and ability of each amorist and the temperament and Receptivity Quotient of each subject, it is even dependent on the weather, the state of your purse, and similar Acts of God. Let us say, for instance, that you are of the bold and sanguine type, and ordinarily employ the number three frontal attack, known colloquially as the Gay Why Not, but that on a certain evening you unwisely take a third helping of *filet de sole bonne femme* and have a bellyache. To adhere to your customary method, either through lack of versatility or through sheer stubbornness, would be disastrous. A woman would have to possess a colossal

sense of humor to collaborate wantonly, in a spirit of fun, with a man suffering from indigestion. You must have the presence of mind to shift like lightning to a totally different ground; the only possible role for you under such conditions is that of the Enigmatic Misanthrope. You will find it takes a little longer and calls for fortitude, but it is well worth the trouble. Be careful not to overdo it; groan as little as may be, keep the facial spasms of pain under control at all times, well short of the grotesque; and for God's sake do not belch. You may say that in so desperate a situation the game is not worth the candle and you would much prefer to go home and go to bed. My reply is, then you are not an amorist in the truest and finest sense, you are a weakling, an opportunist, a fair-weather sailor, you will always remain an obscure nonentity, and it would be well to confine your activities to the mercenaries and the push-overs. Have you read no history? Do you not know that that was exactly what Napoleon had at Waterloo—a stomach-ache? It is true that he lost, but by heaven he fought the good fight! Would you have posterity say less of you?

I do not maintain, however, that there are no general rules at all. There are certain things that you must never do, under any conceivable conditions, and certain others that you must never omit through carelessness or ig-

norance. Here are a few of the most important:

1. Don't argue about it. If she must have an argument, wrangle with her about football, the theory of relativity, tooth paste, dialectic materialism, palmistry, or any other topic that is handy, and when she seems pretty well talked out and begins to stop for breath, pounce.

2. Never make remarks comparing blondes and brunettes unless you are certain of the original coloring of the current subject.

3. As regards any given gesture (taking her hand, eye-gazing, sitting-up-close, speechlessness through emotion, kissing, embracing, what not), always perform it either ten seconds before she expects it, or ten seconds after. It confuses her and keeps her on tenterhooks, and is the surest way to retain control.

4. The only gifts permitted in advance of consummation are flowers, candy, books, booze, and toilet articles not of precious metals. Any other advance gifts, being bribes, disqualify you as an amorist and demote you to the grade of sucker.

5. Excessively derisive or abusive remarks concerning a competitor will make you liable to instant expulsion from the American Amorists' Association.

6. A yes in her mind is worth two in her mouth.

7. Remember that reluctance may be the whitest flag she has.

8. Physical brutality is of course not only permissible, but

even on occasion inevitable; but you should not lose your self-control, you should avoid leaving permanent scars, and you should not carry firearms. You will sometimes find that a little slapping around and banging up will not be unduly resented, but no woman really likes to be shot at; and if you use the gun for a play with no intention of pulling the trigger, nine times out of ten she will know you are bluffing and will go coy on you just to be contrary. A walking stick, preferably of American applewood or East Indian *sirdar-kritsa*, since Malacca or bamboo is apt to crack in a crisis, is of course an excellent weapon, provided it has no metal end or sharp knobs; but it is better sportsmanship, and certainly more genteel, to stick to the fists and feet. (This is perhaps the appropriate place to remark that you should eschew prominent female athletes, especially champions. They sometimes make good playmates, which is enough.)

9. Play the extremes. Either melt her, overwhelm her with a wistful tenderness that would thaw the arctic, or go 100 per cent bestial. It is often effective to switch suddenly from one extreme to the other, but requires practice. The happy medium is not worth a damn.

The question of raw material, or choice of subject, is vitally important. I appreciate that many of you will be limited by the available supply, but in cities of over 100,000 population

a wide range offers itself, and even in smaller communities it is surprising what can be uncovered by a roving intelligence and an active spirit. The main thing is good leads. It is of course unethical to get them by display ads in the newspapers or by using sandwich men or throw-aways, but it is also unnecessary. A little ingenuity and persistence will keep you going. Some hints: In New York, work the better bars, and when you see a good one spill a sidecar on her dress, then insist on paying for it. In Chicago, haunt the railroad stations, for all the best material there reaches instinctively for a timetable upon arriving at the age of consent.

Some practitioners, when working up raw material and testing a lead, give very little consideration to any other element than the Receptivity Quotient. Such a man is not, properly speaking, an amorist at all; he is merely a careerist. Sooner or later he will find his sensibilities blunted, his ability to synchronize permanently lessened, and his heart going back on him. In the long run, year in and year out, you will find that in appraising raw material it will produce the deepest satisfaction and the highest type of success to adhere rigidly to the AAA standards:

Attractiveness below	
the neck	36%
Receptivity Quotient.	19%
Age	11%

Attractiveness above the neck	10%
Energy of movement.	9%
Risk of complications	8%
Novelty	6%
Intelligence	1%

	100%

As your experience increases and your field is broadened, imperceptibly you will tighten your demands, but you should never let yourself get finicky. Caviar is pleasant to the palate, but a decent ham sandwich is by no means to be scorned; besides, that would be un-American. At the beginning you will do well to make use of any opportunity offering itself which grades 50 or better; later on you may save your talents for subjects ranking above 70, or even 80, if you can get away with it. Eventually, of course, you will start sliding back again, until at around seventy years of age it will be found expedient to ignore the question of quality altogether.

One word in conclusion, about keeping score. Naturally you know your AAA card by heart; a chorus girl gives you 3 points, a widow 2, a duchess 9, a stenographer $1\frac{1}{2}$, a college graduate

1, a housewife 3, and so on. The question has been raging for years, which conveys the greater distinction, 3 chorus girls or one duchess? In either case you score 9 points. Dozens of duels are fought in Central Park every month over this silly argument. I say silly, because I feel that such problems do not concern us; they should be left to the proper authorities, the officers of our association who are responsible for the rules. For us the joy of achievement should be enough. Ah me! The delight of the open door, the knee under the table, the flashing indignant eye, the soft sigh of surrender, the light turned off, even the remorseful tear! Away with your twiddle-twaddle about points—all I ask is to go singing down Fifth Avenue, surrounded by the finest raw material in the world, my hat safely at home, three cocktails under my belt, my applewood stick swinging expertly to trip competitors, and my shining dingus dangling on its natty pigskin strap—a gift from Number 11,377! (Number 11,377 was a lighthouse keeper's daughter, 14 points.)

That's the spirit that gets results.

—The preceding essay is from the book, "The Bedroom Companion or A Cold Night's Entertainment." 219 pages, \$2.50, published and contents copyrighted by Farrar & Rinehart, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Exploding The Brown Bomber

For the first time in print, the real reason Joe Louis lost to Max Schmeling

ALL America, almost the whole world, hung over radios or peered into the white glare of ring lights that fateful night Max Schmeling's right blasted Joe Louis' option on the world's heavyweight championship. It was sad. Very!

Even after it was over, it was hard to believe. Max had no more license to beat Chappie than a blind man has to attend the *Folies Bergere*.

Why, then, did Louis lose?

All Harlem knows, as Harlem always knows—and every first-string sports editor on New York papers knows. But the story has never been published.

It wasn't dope.

It wasn't Max Schmeling's right.

It wasn't The Big-I.

It wasn't coddling or pampering.

It wasn't the arrogance of a young negro suddenly elevated to the high-brown plane of living.

It wasn't hi-de-ho.

It wasn't razor-slashed Trainer Jack Blackburn—indeed, not this, for no man has ever had a more skillful handler than Jack.

It wasn't any of these, but Harlem knows—



One party who knows the answer is Mushky Jackson, the fellow who gets along in the fistic industry by walking on someone else's heels.

Mushky officially handles sparmates for Mike Jacobs, who made the Madison Square Garden millionaires holler

uncle by forming his own club.

Mushky supplies guaranteed tankers unashamed.

But Mushky is wise to the ramifications of the fistic racket and he knows the vagaries of the boy with cobra venom on each glove.

Nevertheless, he had to go to Harlem for the answer to what happened to Joe Louis the night Schmeling laid Joe warm and quivering.

Sports writers not in the know turned back the calendar to the training days at Lakewood, N. J., and thought they had the right answer. But they didn't.

They sought to show that Joe succumbed to the joy-flames that tripped so many of his dusky brothers in sport.

They produced a rumor that an itinerant truck driver walked into camp and tipped Joe over on his brown hunkers for the first time in his then 2-year-old professional career, thus explod-

By SPORTS WRITER

ing a myth of invincibility they themselves had wrought.

At this hunkers-down episode there was supposed to have been one newsman present, and he was under the influence of something like the Joe Louis Stinger as served up in the Hotel Stanley Bar.

At any rate, this reporter was convinced he was having an hallucination that distorted his vision from the perpendicular plane to the horizontal—so the knock-down rumor didn't get much credence.

Anyway, even if Joe were knocked down, it wasn't a pre-fight sprawl that beat him in Yankee Stadium—nosirreesir!

When a Parisian hawkshaw finds no reliable clue immediately, he mumbles *cherchez l' femme* through his Van Dyke and goes in pursuit of a skirt. Not so, our fistic experts—

I was at Lakewood when Joe trained. It was a Darktown Strutter's Ball, no less.

White folks had a hard time shouldering through the darkies lined up at the bar.

Down by the free lunch were the darktown boys without the dollar with which to gain admittance to the presence of young Sleepy Eye in action. Some of these boys shinned up pine trees behind Stanley Stadium for their look-in.

Joe Louis' name screamed at you from box-car-lettered banners spanning the concrete road on which the shore-bound peo-

ple zipped through the town.

Young Brown Joe lived in a big house with a lot of servants.

He had a chef, assistant chef and so on.

He tried painfully to read a book detailing his life, from the cotton fields through the Ford factory.

He finger-spelled the words and asked Pappy, "What do dis here mean?"

He was rolled out of bed and made to do road work.

He bullied sparmates into trotting with him on the bridle-path encircling the lake.

He punished in the ring those who dodged this chore.

He piled back into bed without taking a shower or having breakfast when the roadwork was finished.

They rolled him out again to eat and he went back to the hay.

Altogether, he spent about 16 hours a day in bed.

But he was a lusty animal while awake, disgustingly healthy.

He played golf and broke a hundred.

He played softball and knocked out a homer.

He rode a horse until they made him quit for fear of injury to delicate cords.

He fished with rod and reel.

He idled in the ring until the scarred razor slashes in Jack Blackburn's brown face turned a livid, apoplectic purple.

Marva Trotter, who married the boy wonder a few hours before he climbed into the ring with terrified Max Baer in Sep-

tember, 1935, was on hand.

Co-managers John Roxborough and Julian Black creased their brows over this distraction.

They eventually bundled Marva out of town. No fighter needs a wife when he's tuning up for a big bout.

The hulking brown boy who married the beautiful tawny creature didn't like this. Bursting with pep and vinegar, he balked—but stood hitched under the soothing of his managerial board.

The circus air lingered on in Lakewood. There was everything but a carousel. But there was plenty of carousing. Not for Joe, though. Rich, arrogant negroes laughed loudly in the lobby and stadium when Schmeling's name was mentioned—and they had every right to.

Didn't Chappie frighten the livin' daylights out of Mushky's hard-to-find sparring partners?

Didn't Chappie frighten sparmates, white and black, so badly they wouldn't come back for a second round?

Didn't a sparmate who had worked with Schmeling previously tell 'em Joe was a "supernatural" fighter, that Max couldn't last more than four rounds?

Joe's picture in the hotel lobby was unqualifiedly captioned:

OUR NEXT HEAVY- WEIGHT CHAMPION

A lot of showmanship was spent down in Lakewood, but Joe Louis wasn't spent there.

He brooded. He couldn't have

his way on anything important.

He, the one man responsible for the gaudy trappings and spangles his pals were enjoying, couldn't partake. No Marva (and Joe loves his beautiful young wife), no nothin'. Plenty o' nothin'.

His body was at a fine pitch of fitness.

But every time he asked for Marva, they told him "no."

Meanwhile, practically everyone forgot about the silent man bivouacked in comparative obscurity at a Jewish week-end country club flanking Napanoch, N. Y. For, at that time, Max's Jewish surroundings didn't matter. Herr Hitler was as sure as Blackburn that Max's rusty ring equipment would fall before the vicious gloves of Joe. Some even believe Hitler would have tried to prove Max "untouchable" should he have lost to Joe. It is a fact that Hitler made disparaging remarks about the beetle-browed Max—before the fight.

Max plotted quietly—but the plotting didn't win for him.

He reviewed movies of Louis' previous fights endlessly—but that didn't groove the lucky right that numbed Chappie under the glaring lights, left him wide open for a series of steer-killing roundhouse blows, blows without science, but with plenty of *moxie*.

Max pounded the mountain trails. It was the first time Schmeling ever deemed road-work necessary to conditioning—and that may have pulled him

through that almost fatal 7th round.

There was a marked contrast between Lakewood, taken over by Harlem's Four Hundred, and Napanoch, where prosperous Jews lolled about the clubhouse lawn listening to the babble of the brook and looking upon Schmeling as a friendly freak—with no Hitler-inspired animus.

Schmeling filed away at his well-worn fighting machinery to the limit of its efficiency, *but it wasn't good enough to mow down Joe Louis—except when it did.*

On the obvious side, a flock of rights in his brown face defeated the iron-hearted Joe Louis, but actually Joe Louis beat himself and the careless vitality of his animal youth.

Many of the foregoing facts are detailed with the idea that they may add up to a tangible, composite clue—but they only point.

Still, they were seized upon by the experts in desperation to explain away their bum second-guessing. Putting the finger on THE REASON seemed easy. But, it wasn't, and the experts were confounded again.

The experts forgot that it rained, and they forgot the shibboleth of the French detective—that "find the woman" business.

The importance of Louis' loss to Schmeling is such that there is a premium on the bona fide explanation.

Schmeling will never fight Joe

Louis again. Not for money, honor, or to spite his pal, Hitler. Can you imagine Hitler okehing a return bout with the negro after building Max up as the idol of Nazi youth?

The wealthy German ex-champion who toured into the Nazi gallery of heroes over the prostrate, non-aryan form of Joe Louis after leaving Germany without so much as a friendly nod from Der Fuehrer and without money, will fight Jim Braddock for the championship—and no one else on this side of the Atlantic. Too, Jim may beat him. No one claims Jim is a great fighter, but neither is the man who stumbled into the heavyweight championship over a claim of foul at the hands of soft-belly Jack Sharkey.

But to get back to Louis and Max. Chappie's failure before a man he could defeat as he pleased on 365 nights of the year—but didn't on one night—has removed his chances of becoming the heavyweight champion.

Schmeling came over again in December, his fortune still impounded in Germany, refused to post \$25,000 bail money to assure a defense of the title in America in the event he lifted it from Braddock, and went home, fingers to nose, the championship bout all signed.

He got everything he wanted, including Braddock's promise he wouldn't risk the crown in a non-title bout with Louis.

Now, had not Schmeling caught Louis in what probably

was the only vulnerable night he will ever spend in the ring, Joe would be matched against Brad-dock for the championship—and is there anyone who says he wouldn't have defeated Jim, fine fellow that Jim is?

What, then, robbed Louis of the championship?

It was a couple of ladies.

Lady Luck, Harlem's patron saint who had smiled on Joe and built a fortune for a brown boy two years out of the automobile factory, ordered rain on the night of the fight!

They'd kept the sulking Joe in Lakewood until weighing-in time and rushed him to the city.

A delay of one night certainly couldn't perturb the phlegmatic Brown Bomber, and the experts warmed to their task of boosting the odds even higher.

To a man, almost, they picked Joe to win in any round he named.

It would have been unanimous but for the Hearst paper policy that calls for "insurance" against a complete miss-out on the experting.

However one-sided a fight may appear in the preview, one Hearst writer must pick the long shot. Usually he is an underling, a youngster who must take the rap—or the orchids in the event the impossible happens.

When the long-shot comes home, the Hearst paper prints a promotional piece about the writer who was right, and re-prints a facsimile of his some-

what hedging story. There is no mention of the facts that such famed writers as Damon Runyon and Hype Igoe were on the wrong side of the pickets.

Oh, yes, it rained the night the fight was scheduled to go on. Joe went to bed early, and that was natural, for if there is anything this hulking warrior likes to hit better than an opponent's chin, it's the pillow.

Blackburn saw nothing wrong with Chappie seeking his bed. In fact, he approved of it, and Joe shut the door of his bedroom.

But Blackburn forgot that Chappie's room had a telephone; or gave his charge no credit for the slyness a brown boy, who knows what he wants, is capable of.

Meanwhile, Blackburn sat in his suite, holding his silence as experts filled the smoke-saturated air with prophecies of what Joe would do to the ring-weary German. Blackburn even forgot that slumbering sullenness in Chappie's jaundiced eye when his wife had been railroaded from the training camp. He forgot Marva, Joe's wife—or thought her safely occupied up in Harlem with friends.

Maybe Blackburn never heard the legend of Samson and Delilah. Samson was pretty much the champion of his day, but Delilah fixed that up—yes suh!

Of course, Samson had no telephone—but he got his hair cut just the same.

Women Make The Best Prostitutes

Editor's note—These curious, tantalizing facts about Chicago's fabulous, legendary Everleigh Club, which flourished during the early days of the century, bring a faint nostalgia for the days when men were men—and willing to pay for it.

UNCHASTITY was the magnet that drew the patronage into the Everleigh Club, but the wining, dining, music and congenial associations did much to keep the audiences from walking out on the performance. Observing the Babylonian theory that some degree of high jinks was compulsory to complete an orgy, the sisters Everleigh permitted their myrmidons to freely worship the goddess Mylitta.

Millionaires from all over the world knew and respected the sisters. They cheerfully paid the fifty-dollar fee to sequester a lonely sybarite; they gave \$1,500 to \$2,000 dinner parties and they came back for more. The Everleigh Club had no duplicate, even in Paris. One had his choice of the art gallery, the library, the dining room or any of the dozen parlors. In case he found himself slipping he could always find a good book to read.

There were always thirty of the most lovely courtesans in all creation from whom a guest could take his choice. The club was distinguished, its clientele

aristocratic and its proprietors cultured patrons of the arts. Blue-grass madams with blue-blooded gentleman friends.

If girls were under eighteen at the Everleigh there was no complaint. "If they're big enough they are old enough," said Minna Everleigh, younger of the sisters. The sisters had no dealings with slave-selling parents, guardians or other persons in a tutelary position. And they saw to it that the health of their girls was safeguarded. They made their own criminal code. Girls came of their own volition and when the quota was filled the equivalent of a "No Casting Today" sign of the theatrical world was posted in the outer hall.

There was usually a waiting list. In jest, Minna and Ada often discussed the feasibility of putting out a road company, but never got around to doing it.

"I talk to each applicant myself," Ada asserted. "She must have worked somewhere else before coming here. We do not like amateurs. Inexperienced girls and young widows are too prone



By CHARLES WASHBURN

to accept offers of marriage and leave. We always have a waiting list.

"To get in a girl must have a pretty face and figure, must be in perfect health, must look well in evening clothes. If she is addicted to drugs, or to drink, we do not want her. There is no problem in keeping the club filled."

Added Minna, "A girl in our establishment is not a commodity with a market-price, like a pound of butter or a leg of lamb. She is much more on the same level with people belonging to professional classes, who accept fees for services rendered; she charges in accordance with the client's means. She doesn't 'sell herself' as the 'egg-heads' keep shouting. Such statements are unfair and unjust!"

The Everleighs courted no publicity. But that was because they were thinking in the terms of their patrons. Had there come a string of dull nights, such as there always are in any form of the show business, they, like any night club in New York, would have called in a high-pressure exploiter—if the era had been thirty-six years later. The Everleighs were patient. A dull Monday or a light Thursday brought a profitable weekend. Their patience was their success. Their patience and their enemies! The enemies kept the hive buzzing.

The most sober clients had the strangest quirks, proving, perhaps, that alcohol cannot be

called the cause for going wrong. After 'all, immoral orgies flourish even more in the abstemious countries than in the most drunken.

The locked doors for special parties, and there were hundreds who craved proprietorship for an evening, never bolted on a more eccentric rounder than Uncle Ned, who never took a drink. But he had special notions about sleigh rides.

Once every winter, usually after the first snowfall, Uncle Ned would drive up to the club, write a check for several thousand dollars and ask that activities be directed in his behalf for the evening. He was assigned the Music Room, where one of the girls would "play him on," establishing to Uncle Ned that he was the central attraction. A baby spotlight was focused upon him. He would order wine for the girls, and for himself, sarsaparilla in a tall glass, mixing it with a half pint of vanilla ice cream. One report has it that he said "goody, goody" as he downed the concoction.

It was Uncle Ned's night and anything went.

Having enjoyed his exhilarating beverage, he was now ready for his peculiar thrill. With the authority of a straw boss, he would order two buckets of chopped ice, demanding that the pieces be not over two inches square.

The ice was promptly deposited in front of the big chair in which he was seated. Two

girls, one for each foot, were requested to remove his shoes and stockings. During the undressing interlude one of the sylphs would gently play "Jingle Bells" ("The One Horse Open Sleigh") on the piano, while the other girls stood at attention, draped around the side of the room like chorus girls taking a bow after a fast-stepping routine.

A maid would approach with a string of jingle bells, which were placed in his left hand, and a male servant brought a miniature hair mattress, placing it conveniently on a tabouret to the right. Uncle Ned then plunged his bare tootsies into the buckets of ice, grasped the bells in his left hand, rattling them gleefully, and putting his right hand into a torn niche in the mattress, would shout: "There's nothing to equal an old-fashioned sleigh ride."

"A nut, but how can you get angry with him?" Phyllis used to say.

After this debauch there was nothing left but to put him to bed, where he could sleep it off.

The Everleighs' proud boast was that only one-fifth of their courtesans were beyond redemption, against the customary third out of a hundred in statistical reports.

"Honesty is its own reward," Minna would tell her flock. "Never have any black marks on your record. What would your future husband say if he suspected you had mistreated a

man? Keep on being good girls, even if it hurts."

The message had its moral effect, but despite precaution, an occasional bad egg cropped in among the nymphs of the Everleigh Club. One of these was Daisy, who wouldn't tell what was ailing her. She was wild about greenbacks, especially those of large denomination, and she kept her secret well guarded. Minna should have suspected that Daisy's overtures to the bandit type of patron were more harmonious than those to a banker, but a busy madam couldn't watch everything.

A terribly bad man came to the club one night, won over Daisy and boasted of his satchels full of stolen bank-notes.

Teasing the rough customer, Daisy, in the privacy of the boudoir, said she had never seen a thousand-dollar note.

"Send for either one of the two satchels checked downstairs and I'll show you," said the brigand. "They're filled with big bills."

Daisy sent for the satchel thereby making an error. A servant suspected foul-play in the making, called Minna and together they went to Daisy's room. The robber was lying on the bed while the girl was in the act of removing a powder from her dresser as Minna entered.

"Excuse Daisy for a few minutes, please," said Minna to the alarmed bandit. Out in the hallway, where none could hear, Miss Everleigh laid down what

used to be called "The Law."

"No knockout powders in this house, you know that," she said. "And I'll give you ten minutes to get your friend off the premises. We do not cater to his kind. He's nervous and suspicious. He'll go quietly."

The servant guarded the satchels and a few minutes later the robber was on his way out, giving a passing glance into each bag.

"Honest injuns," he beamed.

Several days afterward Daisy disappeared. It was suspected that she had made a rendezvous with her bad man. At any rate, he was found dead in an alley up the street—a blow over the head from a hammer. Few paid any particular attention to the crime.

When the police asked Minna if she could throw any light on the case, she replied: "I do not know of any hardware dealers among our patrons."

Phyllis undoubtedly augmented the reputation of the Everleigh Club.

A beautiful and passionate woman, she came to the establishment a few days after the opening, having heard, en route from Kansas City, of the Turkish divans, the exquisite tapestries and the golden hangings. News of the Everleigh Club was swiftly reaching the far-flung corners of the continent and the voluptuous Phyllis, who brought glad tidings, was greeted as an old friend, or a potential star.

"I hope you like me," she said, adding simplicity to her other virtues. "The man to whom I was engaged died suddenly of heart failure—I just had to get away from unpleasant surroundings. I have no parents and here I am. It's a strange adventure for me, but I am sure I could learn. My betrothed betrayed me, which brings no regrets. From what I overheard on the train, a life of shame in this adorable house must be the most glorious existence imaginable. May I stay?"

She stayed.

Within a week the wealthy roués were battling over her. And why not? Intuitively she knew more about the finesse of illicit romance than any other girl in the house. She would, for instance, blindfold a mortal, lead him to her boudoir and then, unmasked, permit him to gaze upon a harmony of colors to which the soul responded by seductive, vague, wavering ideas. There were fresh cut red roses everywhere. Perfume and paradise!

There was a gold and marble mantel in the center of the room. A circular window, partially concealed by hangings of a red material, fluted with Corinthian pillars, with a strip of brownish-lavender silken cloth at top and bottom, was at the head of a genuine Turkish mattress, which lay upon the floor and served as a bed. This divan was covered with white cashmere, buttoned with tufts of

black and puce-colored silk, reminding one of a gaudy checker-board.

The large rug resembled an Oriental shawl, characteristically reddish and of strange design, and the furniture was covered with white cashmere, relieved by black and red carvings. The clock on the mantel was of marble and gold and the one table in the room had a marble top with bright, red legs. The slightest detail seemed to have been the object of a loving anxiety.

Phyllis also knew her Balzac. She had golden eyes in a room to match. The furnishings were of her own selection. Interior decorating was her art and she delivered opulence, which concealed itself innocently, but which expressed the refinement of grace and the inspiration of passion. She made all there is of vagueness and mystery in a man's being come leaping to the surface.

Her golden hair shone brilliantly in the light of her own investiture. Response from her guest was inevitable. Further, there were no bad after-effects. There wasn't a male who would beg for a drug when surrounded with the beauty of Phyllis and the beauty she provided. She became the toast of the club. And the Everleigh sisters admired her and they lent her \$1,500. Phyllis was doing all right.

Then came the day, however, when a millionaire bound for Egypt thought that Phyllis would

make a suitable companion, and he spoke to the sisters about his trip, asking permission to borrow her. She was released without a struggle after he had paid what she owed the sisters.

"And you let such an adorable darling leave without a whimper?" the Everleighs were asked.

"Yes, we thought it was the best way," they sighed.

It was not until 1936 that the Everleighs revealed that Phyllis, about once a year, had indulged in a very bad habit. She would become intolerably drunk and while on the bender she would smash the bottom of a water glass against the corner of a table. Taking the rim of the goblet she would point the sharp, cut edges toward the nearest person, usually slashing a victim before he was able to ward her off. Sober, she blamed this unbecoming antic onto hallucinations arising from her first sweetheart's death. She did it to frighten the devil, who was tormenting her loved one, she said.

"Her millionaire keeper died in the Orient in 1906, about a year after she left the club," said Minna. "Phyllis returned to America and kept on slipping until she slipped out altogether—an overdose of veronal. Rather sad case, don't you think?"

Ethel came from an Illinois farm and she chewed tobacco, of all things. She was a born actress, but too lazy to do anything about it. Her big moment, when a party was becoming dull,

was to summon Edmund, the butler, who was prepared for the surprise with a startling gay uniform of gold and red braid.

"The tray, Edmund," Ethel would command.

The colored lackey disappeared for a moment, returning with a silver tray on which was placed a huge plug of chewing tobacco. Ethel took a big chaw just as a modern girl would take a cigarette. Edmund bowed low as she replaced the plug and the onlookers became hysterical from laughing. The seriousness of the ritual was responsible for its success.

"There really wasn't anything funny about it," said Ada Everleigh. "We didn't approve of her spitting on the Oriental rugs."

Ethel was married to a nice, fat boy in the oil business and when last heard from was extremely happy. She had two children and an attractive home. The sisters called on her not long ago. The same Ethel! Another Edmund came with the tray, but this time there was a black cigar in it, which the servant promptly lit for her.

"You know, my husband put a stop to my spitting around the place—and what could I do?" she said seriously.

On October 18, 1909, the English evangelist, Gypsy Smith, made a dramatic sally against the Chicago levee. He led a parade. His cohorts assembled at the old 7th Regiment armory, and the number was variously

estimated from 2,000 to 12,000.

"A man who visits the red-light district at night has no right to associate with decent people in the daylight," shouted the evangelist. "No! Not even if he sits on the throne of a millionaire!"

His words fired his audience. Then, singing, the thousands moved off toward Twenty-second street. A Salvation Army band blared at the head of the column. The theme song of the march was *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?* Many of those in line were so young they knew of commercialized vice only by hearsay twice removed. But about them must have been real fervor. The levee received this army—in silence. No piano played. No woman left the houses. Every window was shuttered, every door closed. Not a red light gleamed. To Evangelist Smith's young crusaders it must have seemed that vice was a deadly dull trade.

Still, they had come for a purpose and they carried it out. They knelt in the street in front of the Everleigh Club, and they prayed. They sang more hymns. And they went away.

Along with Gypsy Smith's earnest marchers had come another throng. If he had 6,000 at an estimate, the scoffers and idlers who went along just to see his show numbered five, six, perhaps eight times as many. Prayers and laughter, hymns and mockery, psalms and sneers were mingled in that sordid haven of

harlotry. Religion in the red light sector was funny.

It did seem so at the time. After the marchers departed, the levee seemed a different place—its real self. Doors swung open, lights gleamed, music resounded. In the Everleigh Club a toast was drunk to the evangelist.

The night turned itself into the busiest one, by all odds, that

the district had ever known. Old timers commented on the number of very youthful men who seemed to be making their first contact with vice on the grand scale.

"I am sorry to see so many nice young men coming down here for the first time," commented Minna Everleigh, shaking her head sadly.

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THE COMEDIENNE

*Alas, poor friend! There is an end to this—
The moon grows paler and the stars have waned,
And I who was awakened by your kiss
Relapse into my dreams with nothing gained.*

*You see, the flowers and the feather fan
Have wilted now, perhaps because my touch
No longer is as warm since you began
To stress love's meaning and to sigh too much.*

*This is the end . . . yes, bow your head and brood . . .
But shall we kiss again, and laugh, and go?
And think how love has been an interlude
Between the red moon and this one of snow . . .*

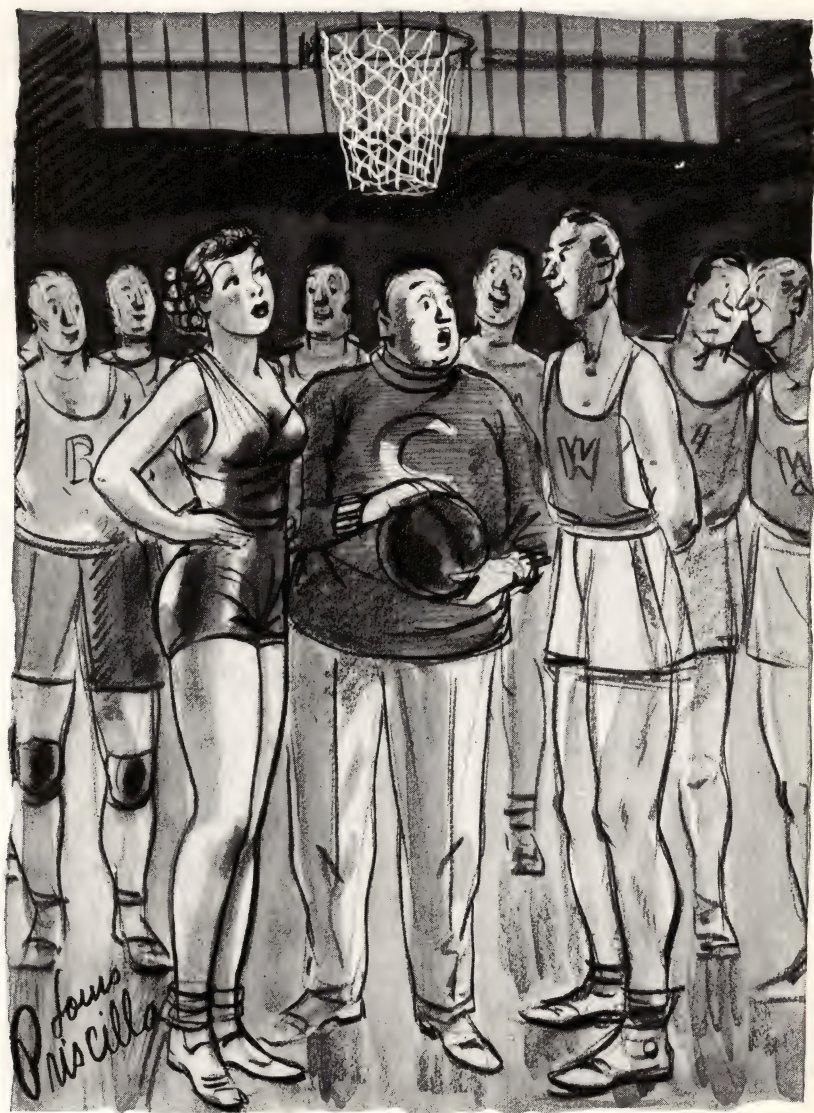
—GEORGE O'NEIL



"I'm your upstairs neighbor—Can I borrow a cup of sugar?"



"Come, come, Mercedes. You only think you're drunk!"



"Just remember, when Miss Spivens comes in as center, use the bidden ball play"



"Will you lend me a nickel—I want to call Ripley!"

Please God, Save the King

Some call it "Coronation Headache,"
but by any name it's a royal hangover

IN THE king business—which has been on the decline ever since Marie Antoinette loosened her stays to utter the cry, "Let 'em eat cake!"—the first hundred days are always the hardest. If the royal neck hasn't been stretched by Fascists, and if the royal tail hasn't been scorched by Reds, and if a couple of colonies haven't up and said to hell with the sovereignty during that time, all is comparatively hunky-dory. After the first hundred days, it's pretty smooth sailing.

Now comes George VI. He's farther away from the eight ball than his brother, Edward, was, because he's a family man with a nice wife and two children who are popular with the common folk. But all the same, he is facing something during his first hundred days which might cause many a stronger man to turn away and give the job to the first chimney sweep he encountered in the sidestreets of Piccadilly. George VI is confronted by—The Coronation.

Of course, any new king worth his salt has to go through some kind of a ceremony sooner or later. But the British carry it too far. It is dangerous to the king,

particularly if he has any sense of humor, and it's bad for the people, too. Spending several millions of dollars on public display and silly glorification of the Crown is what gives the poor a jaundiced outlook on life, and what, to quote Fanny Brice, makes them brood upon the possibilities of "Rewolt!"

A West Ender with an empty belly isn't going to give a damn for the bloomin', bloody nonsense when he thinks how many square meals could be bought for the price of just one gown worn to the ceremony by a lady-in-waiting. And if the king has a sense of humor he might laugh himself to death over the whole ridiculous

spectacle—though we grant there isn't much danger of *that* in the present instance.

But by all that is ancient and holy, the Coronation will have to be held this May twelfth, and Bertie and the Empire must go through with it, come what may. In the meantime, George VI's technical position lies somewhere between that of a lame-duck congressman and Republican President-Elect.

If the custom of formal confirmation didn't start with King



By WESLEY PEER

Arthur, it began shortly thereafter. When an old king died back in the rough-and-ready days, the warriors signaled the new ruler's accession by lifting him on their shields, and later by toasting his health at the wassail bowl. (There probably will be a little drinking this May twelfth, too.—Ed.) As time went on the ceremony became more and more involved. The church entered into it. Knights and nobles were honored by awards of offices in the Coronation proceedings. So many of these offices had to be created that at last the King's train had to be supported by eight esteemed courtiers, to say nothing of a couple of bishops, as he marched to the dais in Westminster Abbey.

History does not record whether there ever was a Bearer of His Majesty's Scott Tissue, but for a few centuries at least there was such a thing as the King's Cock-Crower.

The job of the Cock-Crower—a post bestowed upon the nobleman with the strongest lungs—was to slip into the monarch's bedchamber on Coronation morn and arouse him with an imitation of a rooster greeting the rising sun. One of these officers was appointed, traditionally, for the confirmation of George II. Came the dawn of Coronation day, and he stepped close to the royal bedstead and began his *cock-a-doodle-doo* ritual. But George, at times a notoriously bad-tempered if not uncouth fellow, took it as an insult.

"Gad-zooks!" he cried, casting aside the sheets and grabbing up his sword. "How dare you make sport of your King the very day he takes his throne! For this, knave, you shall die!"

The tip of the sword was but an inch from the Cock-Crower's breast when attendants rushed in and checked the mad attack. The nature of the greeting then was respectfully explained to the king, and presumably the Cock-Crower was permitted to do a little more crowing, just to make him feel better. But that was the last Cock-Crower in the Empire's history; after the Coronation of George II the office was abolished.

Another traditional officer missing from the lineup in London this May will be the King's Challenger.

Down through generations the position of King's Challenger had been retained by the Dymokes of Scrivelsby, an old Lincolnshire family. Whenever a Coronation was held, a Dymoke would be on hand to do his stuff. Clad in the King's best armor, riding the King's own courser, the Challenger would come riding post-haste into the Coronation banquet hall at an appointed moment, draw his mount back suddenly on its haunches, fling down a mail gauntlet, and shout:

"Traitors come forth! I challenge to mortal combat any man who would betray His Majesty's cause!"

Of course, the challenge was

never accepted, but it was a nice gesture. After making it, the Dymoke would sup with the King out of a golden goblet, and his little task was over.

It so happened that at the Coronation banquet of Richard II, the Challenger got the wrong cue, and he and his horse came clattering into the banquet hall away ahead of schedule. He was in the middle of his brave speech when a steward shut him up and ordered him away from the festive board. The unlucky noble got out and stayed out, and forthwith the office of King's Challenger was struck off the list. The Dymokes of Scrivelsby have never been quite the same.

While he won't be crowed at and there won't be a Dymoke to cast a gauntlet at his feet, the new King George VI will have plenty to endure. There are still enough medieval trimmings left in the Coronation rule book to worry a man with a none-too-strong constitution and a rather nervous temperament. As we have said, it isn't likely he will laugh to death at the profound hokuspokus, but then, again, the stuttering which afflicted His Majesty as a young man might return at the height of the excitement—and that *would* be terrible!

Many offices for the forthcoming Coronation have been awarded by the special Court of Claims, sitting in the Council Chamber in Downing Street. We are pleased to report that executors of the late Duke of New-

castle-under-Lyme were given the right to provide through their deputy, the Earl of Lincoln, a glove for the King's right hand; the Earl of Lincoln will also support His Majesty's right arm while he holds the jewelled scepter. The Duke of Roxburgh won the honor of bearing the staff of St. Edward, but only after the procession enters Westminster. To Lord Cholmondeley went the office of Great Chamberlain of England—an honored place in the big parade. The Earl of Shrewsbury will carry a white wand in the procession, and the Earl of Erroll (Flynn?) will be privileged to bear a twelve-ounce silver baton—but batteries for the game have not been announced.

There was quite a scrap before the Court of Claims over who should tote the Golden Spurs up to the dais so that they can be rapped across George's heels to signify his knighthood.

Three great families—Hastings, Marshall and Ruthyn—contended for the honor, and seldom have such luxuriant family trees been produced as were exhibited in Downing Street that day. Lord Hastings' spokesman produced a document more than a yard square, bearing three hundred names and tracing the line back three centuries. It passed, together with evidence submitted by the Marshalls and the Ruthyns, all around the table, and then two hours were consumed in debate. Finally the court side-stepped neatly by de-

claring that the King himself should pick the Bearer of the Golden Spurs from any one of the three families.

No matter how you look at it, the Coronation's head man will be the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The head of the church will receive the King at the dais and will help lift him into the throne. He will proclaim His Majesty and present him to the people. And for the anointment, he will pour holy oil into the sacred ampulla (spoon to you), then dab it on George's forehead, breast, and the palms of his hands. This part of the ceremonial makes the King "Defender of the Faith."

As the Archbishop puts St. Edward's crown on the head of George VI, the crowd inside Westminster will shout "God save the King," and outside trumpets will blare, cannons will roar, and cables will flash the news around the world. There's

more to all this than an initiation at a Greek letter fraternity or a Masonic lodge, but somehow the mumbo-jumbo seems just as meaningless.

Well, it's safe to say Bertie will stagger through it all right. He will have to, or the king business will go completely bust. And if the Man in the Street harbors bitterness as he stands watching, rubbing one thin shilling against another in his pants pocket, while the gilded carriages of royalty wheel triumphantly back to Buckingham—if poor Mr. John Q. Smith begrudges this expensive display while thousands are going about hungry and ill-clad—let him comfort himself with the thought that it is all for the glory of the Empire, and that Coronations come but once every quarter-century—barring Mrs. Simpsons.

Why grumble, why revolt? The poor are always with us, but kings may be gone with the Wind-sor.

Nobody but a slave of the typewriter could know the agony of giving birth to his spate of words on this machine. Mentally it is the counterpart of a woman's physical labor in childbirth, and when you have finally been delivered of your piece you have the same blending of pleasure with yourself and rest after birth pains.

—From "Away From It All," by Cedric Belfrage.

Assignation in Morocco

Meet Leo, the Lovely Louse. A true tale of a truly philanthropic lover

THERE was a war in the Atlas and I was in Morocco to cover it. That was why I was in Tangier and Tangier is where I first met Leo.



with those in America?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "I just came over from Jib this morning. I haven't tried any women."

"Imagine that," he said. "Just imagine that! If I went to America, I'd—"

"Have lunch with me," I said.

Leo was pleased. He bounced about his cage, got his hat and came out. We had lunch on the terrace of the *Kursaal Française*.

"I don't like English women," he said. "No juice. They don't get any fun out of it. I was homesick." He sighed.

"Leo," I said, "you've got ants in your pants." He looked puzzled. "Listen, I hear the Riffs bank their cash in Tangier. Is that true?"

"Yes, it is true. They steal the goods in raids on the towns and sell it here. Then they bank the cash. Then they buy smuggled guns from the Spaniards with the same cash and the Spaniards bank it again."

"My God!" I said. "Spain's at war with the Riffs. Why don't you do something about it?"

"Business is very good," said Leo.

I had another drink of *Pedro*

Leo's face was as round as his bottom and his bottom was pretty round, for Leo was inclined to flesh. He was plump and sort of pretty and he had big baby's eyes—like Ramon Novarro's—that were melting and brown and soft, and his smile was pert and cheerful. Leo worked in the bank and I had to go to the bank to cash a traveler's check. I was going up to the front in a day or so. Leo cashed the check.

"You are American, hey?" he said. "I speak English. I went to school in Bristol. That's in England. How do you like our women?"

He looked pleased; he grinned like a cherub.

"All right," I said. "Is it true that Riffs come down to Tangier openly and nobody does anything about it?"

"Yes, it is true. They come down to sell the merchandise they steal in raids on towns. They get good prices here. How do our women compare

By JAY LANCER

Domecq. Good stuff, that drink.

It was a pretty day. The straits were violet-blue. In the distance Gibraltar looked like a crouched sphinx. There were spangled sails on the open bay of Tangier. Across the straits the Spanish coast was bright orange.

We had another drink of *Pedro Domecq*.

"Listen, Leo," I said. "I've got to go up in those God damn mountains in a couple days. Show me this town."

He looked pleased; his eyes lighted like two brown marbles in a sunbeam and we started out.

By evening I was pretty drunk. So was Leo.

"I like French girls, though," he was saying. "They know so much, oh so much. They accommodate you. Whoopee!"

"Whoopee!" I said.

We went into a department store that was just closing.

"What the hell!" I said. "I come all the way from New York to look at a ribbon counter? What the hell!"

"Look!" Leo said. There were a couple of girls behind the ribbon counter. "Spanish. From Algeciars." He grinned like a fat imp. "Peaches, what?"

"Whoopee!" I said. I went to the ribbon counter and reached across and pinched one of the girls on the can. She let out a screech you could have heard all the way to Gibraltar. Behind me I heard Leo laughing.

Then a little guy with a leather hat came up. He was laughing too. So were the girls.

The little guy with the leather hat grabbed Leo, who was still laughing, by the collar and the big seat of his britches and gave him the bum's rush out. Another guy in a leather hat came for me.

"Whoopee!" I said and let him have it and then about ten of them in leather hats grabbed me and I landed outside.

"You shouldn't have hit him, my friend," Leo said. His lip quivered. Suddenly, he began to weep. "It's all in fun," he sobbed. "It happens once, twice the week—like fiestas." Then, suddenly he began to laugh. "But some day I'll win. Some day I'll not get thrown out. Just wait and see."

"Win what?"

"One of those girls. They're virgins."

"My God!" I said. "Two virgins and it takes twelve cops to— My God! Let's go get a drink."

"Yes. To the club."

I needed a drink. I was a little bruised. The cops had realized I hadn't any sense of situations.

The club was a sad place, badly lighted. The furniture was old, the plaster cracked. A few of the members were sitting around playing dominoes or something. They all spoke to Leo, and they all got up and bowed when he introduced me. So did I. Then we sat down and had a drink. I felt better. But Leo looked gloomy. He brightened, though, when a little old man with a beard came in. Leo jumped up and embraced the

old man and got kissed on both his fat cheeks.

"My father," he said, and then: "*Tengo mucho gusto, padre. Es mi amigo, el Americano!*"

The old man grabbed me and kissed me and sat down. He had bright, round eyes, something like Leo's. When he had his drink, he looked at me and said:

"The girls here—you like, no?"

"He has had none of them, father," said Leo sadly.

The old man looked sad, too. "*Pobrecito,*" he said and stroked my arm. His eyes were moist.

"Jesus!" I said. "I've been here twelve hours and most of the women I see go around in wraps like mummies. They've all got veils and things. And when I find one who hasn't and pinch her on the can, I get thrown out." I swallowed my drink. "Thrown out! For pinching the can! Hell!"

The old man eyed me; so did Leo. They were thoughtful. Then they began to smile. Their expressions were of pure joy. They began to talk at the same time. In Spanish. They rattled and chattered and slapped each other on the back. Then they looked at me again.

"I will," said Leo dramatically; "I will—how do you say—fix you up?"

"Yeah," I said.

"We will eat, first," said Leo, so we ate. "Now!" he said, after the brandy. "Now, it will be fixed up!"

He and the old man got up,

took me by the arms and led me out of the club. We marched through the streets arm in arm. I even sang. I sang "Christopher Colombo." They didn't understand it very well, but they laughed anyway. Then we came to a big house and knocked and in a minute the door opened and we went inside to a big room with a tiled floor and I was introduced to a middle aged man and woman and a young girl who was their daughter. They were nice looking people. The parents, I mean.

But the girl was beautiful. She was tall and statuesque, with high breasts and graceful hips and her eyes were larger even than Leo's. She wore a mantilla and she looked at me with shy curiosity. I was pretty drunk again.

They all talked, in Spanish, for these people couldn't speak English. The father brought us drinks. He smile at me.

Leo edged over so that he sat beside me. He looked at the girl in pride. His moon face glowed.

"My mistress," he said.

"Your what?"

"My mistress."

"But her father, her mo——"

"Yes," he said. "I pay their rent."

I poured a big drink and took it all at once. *Pedro Domecq*. Very good stuff.

"You like?" said Leo slyly.

I looked at the girl. "Like?" I said. "Hell yes, I like!"

"He likes!" shouted Leo. He

jumped up. Like an actor, he made a speech in Spanish. I could get a little of it. He was telling them with great pride that I liked her. They all murmured and looked very pleased. Then he turned to me. "Take her up to bed, my friend. We will wait."

The girl had risen and was smiling. She walked to a circular stone staircase with an iron balustrade and started up. I looked at the others. They were all smiling at me. I poured another drink and took it quickly. Then I stood up. So did they.

Everybody bowed.

I walked slowly up the stairs. I stumbled a little. I guess I was pretty drunk.

There was a mahogany door up there. I opened it and went into a red room. The walls were red, the carpet was red, the bedspread was red silk, the bed was red mahogany as was the rest of the furniture and the lampshades were of red silk.

She stood in the middle of the room, naked and smiling, her long black hair rippling down her back. . . .

On the way to the hotel, I said goodnight to Leo's father. Leo walked on with me. He said anxiously?

"You liked her, then? Really? She is of Tangier. One of our Spanish girls."

"Yes," I said. I wasn't drunk, now. "Yes, I liked her."

"Ah," said Leo. He smiled and his eyes glistened with honest pride.

I left in two days. Leo and his father were at the motor bus which left for Fez from in front of the department store where the virgins were.

"Adios!" they shouted. They were both weeping, but they looked so pleased. They waved as we rolled off. I waved.

The last I saw of Leo was his big bottom wagging as he went into the department store—the lovely, lovely louse.

*Girls who keep on slapping faces
Don't see sights and don't go places.*

*Girls who can't stand friendly tussles
Should wear crinolines—or bustles.*

*Girls who act like elder sisters
Seldom register with misters.*

*Girls who will not kiss at partan'
Don't get asked again—that's sartin.*

Paris on 52nd Street

Leon and Eddie's, that sanctified
sin spot, is Mecca for millions

LEON and Eddie's is the sexual equivalent for a trip to Paris. Here brides and grooms rush to overcome their initial embarrassment. Here the impotent tarry to renew lost hopes. And here also old couples linger to talk about the good old times, numerically speaking.

Leon and Eddie's is the one New York night-club-restaurant that never disappoints the out-of-towner. He may go to Sardi's to be ignored by the stage stars. He may visit Twenty-one to be snubbed by the intelligentsia. But Leon and Eddie give him exactly what he wants—a warm welcome and an aphrodisiac, done up in Montmartre wrappings.

At the entrance, for instance, there's a kiosk, recalling the innuendoes of the Paris streets.

True enough, the actual Parisian peep shows are missing, but the dining-room murals serve as excellent substitutes, with lovely ladies sprawled over commodious beds, ladies in décolleté and negligee, making wisecracks about that same old inexhaustible subject.

The well-known French postal

cards are missing also, but a similar stimulant to the hungry imagination is provided in Leon and Eddie's weekly announcements. As a matter of fact, these are an education in themselves, for they describe the amenities of predatory pursuit, the sensory deprivations of birth controlling, and the relation of geography to anatomy.

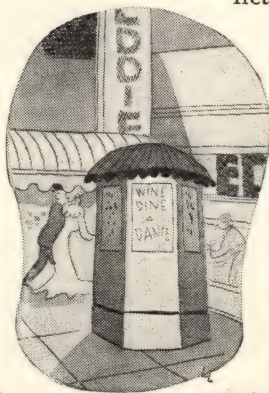
Incidentally, one of these cards, concerning a certain Chinese legend, recently evoked an angry denial from a group of respected citizens in Shanghai.

Otherwise the Paris atmosphere is authentic, even to the *pissoires* which everyone has

heard about and longed to see, and the continental sliding roofs which purge the atmosphere when the place gets too hotsy totsy.

The merits of the hosts are as well known as the table de hote dinner. Leon is stout, smiling and smooth. Eddie is tall, slender and sartorial. Eddie sings to the guests and Leon greets them with an ingratiating line of schmuß.

"It's good to have you here," he croons to the town clerk from



By **BERNARD SOBEL**

author of "Burleycue"

Pondlette, South Dakota. "Please tell the proprietor of your Crystal Hotel to send us more of his customers, and we'll return the favor by sending some of ours, more than likely."

Then, meeting a typical nondescript, Leon cries out enthusiastically, "My old, old pal whom I haven't seen in years! One of the original foundations of Leon and Eddie's. I hope you got the letter I sent you, personally addressed to you."

He omits to mention, of course, that the same day, forty thousand other letters similarly addressed went out. But no one takes the spoofing seriously. It's all in fun. Everyone's a celebrity for the moment. The guests are flattered at the ballyhoo, and their friends impressed by their seeming importance.

Then, with the aid of the most expert *garçon* staff in the 52nd Street area, Leon will guide you to a ringside table.

Here anything may happen any time. If it's the lunch hour, you can find a score of unattached ladies fishing for prizes out of the deep blue sea, the sea, in this instance being a large blue sheet spread over the dance platform where bus boys tie 10 cent store novelties to expectant hooks.

Recently the place went aesthetic. For on hearing that Gypsy Rose Lee was about to desert burlesque for glorification in the Ziegfeld "Follies," Leon and Eddie decided to conduct a contest for the exalted purpose

of appointing her successor to the "G" string. From hither and yon they assembled strip dancers and these they pitted against each other in umbilicular conflict intended to disclose their tendency to disrobe rhythmically while simulating the modesty of the seven-come-eleven virgins.

The girl who won the prize posed modestly holding up a cup or a room number which the papers somehow never saw fit to publish.

The piece de resistance is Lois De Fee, the lady bouncer, a Venus with Amazon proportions who has seen fit to substitute for the well-known scarlet letter, the initials "L" and "E" which she displays in blue letters on a chaste white sweater background at the crest of each breast.

Eventually Eddie appears in a cycle of songs not intended for Town Hall. He starts his program with a speech in which he establishes the atmosphere, jerking the ringside drunks into attention, greeting a columnist in a far-off corner, and signing a check for a visiting elk's tooth-wearer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he says, "you are now in Leon and Eddie's. Make yourself at home. Relax. We are very informal here. We want you to be satisfied, and if you are not satisfied go to the door and speak to my partner, Mr. Leon. Ask him for your money back. Then try and get it.

"The first number tonight will be presented by Lillie Gaby

De Lillie, called the 'Virgin Bride.' Last night we had two virgin brides for this number, but since then, one of the ladies broke her contract."

And thus he runs on, the jokes sometimes a little thin and the mad applause a little forced. But nobody cares when Eddie once starts singing, for he can put over a ballad so that you blubber over the B and B.

His songs unite the North and South after all these years. The one about the city slicker and the lady who came rolling down the mountain is the favorite, of course. Always the lines are obvious so that everyone may catch the idea. Sometimes they run like this:

*I'd like to be your iceman,
And freeze you with a look*

*I'd like to be your butler,
So I could goose your cook.*

The rest of the entertainment is lavish: soloists and micro-phoning, philandering with the cigarette girls, and dancing on a crowded floor never too crowded for those who want to dance that way.

Leon and Eddie's is the last American stronghold of Gallic humor. Here lusty comments about the natural functions have a normal and even dignified place.

Eddie, for instance, is at his best when discussing the manners of the retiring rooms.

"The men are pretty frank," he declares. "The other night I heard two of them discussing

their gals as to progress made.

"How you getting along, Bill?" asked one of them.

"Fine," was the answer. "I've already checked in at the hotel; and if I can get a few more drinks into the gal, the rest will be easy."

"Some of the ladies," continues Eddie, "are a little naive. We have signs, for instance, on the doors of the Powder room which read: 'Kindly remain seated during the entire performance.'"

"But the other night one cutie asked, 'Why stay here when the show's upstairs?'"

Meanwhile people keep going in and out, drinking, talking and helping themselves to the free peppermint patties at the exit.

This is the life! Drunks, social registerites, Florida Crackers, Portuguese, jail bait, jail breakers and a couple of clergymen.

And it all started in prohibition days in a little speakeasy. There Eddie first promenaded up and down the halls with his little orchestra, and there Leon, a graduate bus boy, first won the town.

From that time on their progress has been phenomenal. They do the first nights on an occasional night off, and on occasions like these, their wives wear their ermine coats, with accompanying orchids. It's all a kind of nocturnal dream, but one that fits in perfectly with anybody's idea of what to do with a loose evening.

One thing more must here be recorded. Leon and Eddie have made a definite contribution to native idiom. Theirs is the only restaurant in America where respectable people may hear the

word "lay"—and so well have they established the word among their clientele that it is included by that recorder of *Americana*, H. L. Mencken, in the next issue of *The American Language*.

MEN SAY

Many a girl these days goes into an office looking for a position and finds herself in a situation.

* * *

A recent survey shows that while old folks prefer mild winters, young married couples like nice springs.

* * *

Appearances are deceiving—many a girl who puts up a swell front in society is flat busted at home.

* * *

Sooner or later the fellow who goes poaching on a married man's preserves ends up in a jam.

* * *

Of course you heard about the absent-minded prize fighter who went nuts on his honeymoon. It seems that every time his bride tapped him on the shoulder he broke and went to a neutral corner.

* * *

Nowadays when a bachelor walks the floor with a baby he's just trying to sober her up.

* * *

Love in a cottage may be all right, but passion in a palace has it beat a mile.

* * *

It's a sad life, mates. By the time you can afford three stenographers, age limits you to one nurse.

"B" Is For Illegitimate

Topic Number One! It was the only
natural tie between father and son

THE door opened an inch, and a piercing, sinful, gleeful eye peered in to see if I were busy.

Darrien Melvale tip-toed in.

"Topic Number One," he whispered, finger to lips.

"Shut the door," I said. With Melvale on topic Number One, even a Paris office door had to be closed.

"She's lovely," he exulted, rolling his eyes. "Exquisite! The most exquisite creature in Paris!"

I never disputed Melvale's judgment. With him the last was always the loveliest; but she was never the last.

"We're going to dinner in the Bois," he chuckled, settling himself deep in a leather chair and purring "Mmmmmmmmm." But the purring was brief. He began talking, interrupting himself, over-acting and laughing at himself.

"She's a cabinet minister's darling, Billy. The ape neglects her—for *politics*. She's yearning for sympathy, understanding—just possibly a partridge, *sauce chasseur*, with a fine old Burgundy, while this chimpanzee is debating a housing program in parliament." He cocked his roughish eyes slantwise.

"I'll get her the partridge and the wine; yes and give her the understanding, too. Housing? I

think she has that problem solved nicely already."

Melvale put the tips of his ten fingers together and relaxed, his eyes closed, like a young bishop composing a perfect prayer. A grimace cut across the beatific simper.

"I'm too susceptible, Billy," he apologized. "My father is. When my father dies," his voice rose theatrically, "the immortal part of him will go on—you know—being susceptible—oh, creating such a flutter of white wings among the angels. That is, if he gets past Saint Peter. But *he* will. My father will die in the richness of honors and years and go straight to glory on his title. But I won't, Billy. *Bang!*—and they'll give some pistol-proficient husband the red ribbon, cite him as a public benefactor for my demise."

Melvale overrated himself as a boudoir scourge, I thought. I often suspected him at times like this of being on his way to dine alone.

"No tradition against poaching here in Paris," I said. "Nobody suffers for that."

"Suffer!" Melvale shouted indignantly. "I suffer." And he did. His face went all to pieces. "Billy," he said, "I'm just a mass of legal precedents moulded in

FICTION

By GUY HICKOK

the form of a satyr. Which reminds me—topic Number Two! I'm a lawyer at times." He laughed. "When I find a jury I say 'Get thee behind me, satyr—but not too far behind. Stay, satyr, stay within call. I might want to page you.' And what I can do with a jury! Why if that chap Judas had had me for defense counsel I would have gotten him a harp and a halo."

I did not want to listen to one of Melvale's jury stories. Besides, something he had said—

"You mentioned a title. Is your father an Englishman?" I asked.

"Is he an Englishman?" Melvale threw back his head. "One of the greatest." And in a low voice, "and one of the meanest." He hitched his chair forward with the stage business of being about to tell a secret.

"Billy," he said, pointing his finger at me, "nothing you know about me is true, not even my name. *You* know that. Darrien Melvale!" he pronounced it contemptuously. "Why that's a chorus man's name, given me by a sentimental clergyman named Simpkins, when he took me to America as a boy." He laughed.

"Where's your *Peerage*?" he asked abruptly, getting up and going to the bookcase.

"My father," he muttered, rummaging until he found the fat red and gilt encyclopedia of titled Britains. "He said he would do three things; and he did them all. He said he would marry the richest woman in Eng-

land, that he would be prime minister, and that he would win the Derby." He walked toward me fumbling the book and still talking. "He married Emma Berhcheid, the banker's daughter. He was prime minister twice; and he won the Derby three times."

"Lord Evesbury!" I said, startled. I had not expected that.

"Of course." Melvale's face was quivering. Pride? Shame? I was not sure. "Everson is the family name. William Eustace Gerard Everson." He had found the page in the *Peerage* and was holding it in front of me.

"Evesbury, Fifth Earl of. Created 1709.' And look at these degrees and honors. 'K.G.' That's Knight of the Garter. 'K.T., P.C., J.P., L.L.D., Cambridge, F.R.S., Bt.' And look at these titles—'Viscount Evesbury, Baron Everson and Lambeth, 1740.' Look at the string of them, a dozen. And look here. Look at the kingdoms he owns. '7,000 acres in Inchless, 15,000 in Medliething, 2,000 in Invermelden, 5,000 in Berkshire'—think of it! And here, 'Heir, Lord Inchless—'" Melvale pointed excitedly to the bottom of the page to a name in small type.

"'Will Everson,'" he read. "Not 'William'—Will. I can inherit none of his titles nor an inch of his land, though I am his oldest son." He shut the book with a snap. "All I ever got from him was five shillings a week while I was a kid, and that came through his solicitors."

Melvale stopped, sat there thinking. I was thinking, too. It sounded preposterous, yet it explained something; and I was getting used to having strangers pointed out to me in Europe with whispered "—natural son of King Charles," or "—unacknowledged son of Princess Megere and the Duke of Flintworth." The premier of the French cabinet at the time was a "natural son." Everybody knew that. And the ranking general of one of the continent's biggest armies was casually alluded to, even in print, as the *fils naturel* of a king of a neighboring monarchy.

"He could talk to juries, too," Melvale said suddenly, his voice rising. "I heard him first, as a kid, at the Guildhall in London, after some little colonial war when he was prime minister and they were giving him a victory demonstration. He despised the crowd. I could feel his contempt for them. I feel that way with a jury. And all the way through his speech I could tell what he was going to say before he said it. I was sure then that he *was* my father. Our minds were one, Billy. They were *one*."

"After he had banged their emotions about like a Swiss pounding bells at the Palladium he let them form in line to shake hands. He let them come and worship him one by one, as he had let them worship him as a mob. I had an idea. I thought that if he could see me, separately, not as part of the

crowd, he might—well, I got in line.

"It took me nearly an hour to get to him; and by that time I was nearly out of my mind. I was only a shaver then. I put up my hand; and the old villain recognized me. He must have. He reached right over me and shook hands with the next in line. I thought it was a mistake, and tried to reach back; but it was no mistake. He wouldn't touch me." Melvale's voice rose angrily. "He wouldn't put his hand on me, even in a mob where I was nobody."

He was silent for a moment, remembering it through again; and when he spoke it was quietly.

"It was years before I tried to see him again; I went to his house in Berkeley Square and sent in my name—nearly fainted when I was admitted. Can you imagine *me*, faint from timidity? Me? There he was—the great Lord Everson, standing behind his study table, looking at me as if I were a worm. When I got a study table of my own, many years later, I knew why he stood there. I didn't know what to do or say. You see, in those days I thought a Lord was—well, a Lord."

"He stared at me until I could stand it no longer and I stammered, 'Your Lordship—Your Lordship.'"

"'That is for servants,' he said, bullying me, beating me down with his eyes. What *was* I to say? I thought of 'father'

and 'pater' and 'governor;' things I had read in books. I was about to try 'governor,' but he saw it coming and stopped it with a look. He had an eye like a death-ray. I nearly fell down right there on his rug. He would have had me swept up with the kitchen broom if I had.

"'You want something?' he said finally, in a voice of flint.

"I wanted everything: money, security, home. But it swept over me that he thought I had come for hush-money. I had pride, then.

"'I want nothing,' I stammered, 'nothing at all, Sir. I—only—' He laughed a little, and pulled a bell cord.

"'So you want nothing?' he mimicked my accent, pretty bad Cockney in those days.

"I turned when I saw him looking over my head; and there was a regular Alice-In-Wonderland butler in livery, all done up in braid and buttons as if he were at a coronation.

"'Jones,' my father said disgustedly, 'this young man says he wants nothing.' Of course I know that I had not been admitted by error. No butler of Lord Everson's would have introduced me into the Presence without instructions; but Jones looked my father in the eye without changing expression and said, 'Yes, your Lordship.' He could call him 'Lordship!' Then he walked around me like a firing squad, and marched me out into the street. The next I knew I was on the grass in Hyde

Park and a Bobby was asking me why I was crying."

Melvale drew a long tired breath. "I never saw the old man again," he said. I thought he was about to leave, and tried to find some adequate word. But he was not finished.

"I could have made a name somewhere if he had given me the least backing," said Melvale bitterly. "Even with *my* character—it's flattery to call it character—I could have been somebody. He could have sent me to the colonies or to a dominion, as powerful Englishmen do with inconvenient high-born bastards who are a nuisance at home. I could have been a dominion prime minister. I know I could. I've seen the men who did it. Anyone who can do what I do to juries can do it to voters too.

"I went back to the States and studied law. It was easy—too easy.

"My father gave me his mind, nothing else; and everything I do with my mind is easy. It would be better if it were not so. I'd have less time for topic Number One." He paused.

"I always take the *London Times* to keep track of the old scallywag. His speeches are like a drug to me. They seem familiar, as if I had written them and laid them away. They wreck me.

"After a few years I got a queer notion that I had some decency in me and I began to think about my mother. It had not seemed unusual to me as a kid that I had no mother; but

it finally got on my mind. I began a kind of mental book-keeping, crediting my few decencies—oh, not enough to alarm anyone—to my mother, whom I had learned, somehow, was a Frenchwoman with whom the governor had had an adventure when he was young.

"Most of England's titled wild oats are sown over here, you know," said Melvale, going off at another of his tangents. "That's how they escape reaping them. It's a system, like throwing your rubbish over a neighbor's garden wall. Having France just twenty-six miles across the Channel has a lot to do with England's moral neatness, I imagine. I wonder what it has done to France. Those things might change history, you know. Wonderful England—sow them in France, and if the crop comes home, ship it to the colonies or a dominion or the States—somewhere across an ocean and forget it.

"Billy, I began to want to see my mother, terribly. Can you imagine me filial? *Me?* I wrote to the governor's solicitors many times asking who and where she was. They wouldn't answer. I came to France once or twice, to get the feel of it, and learn her language. *Mmmmmmm*.— I learned a lot!" He smirked. "Then once, as I was just getting into a case in New York, I received a letter from London.

"It was a very brief letter—simply 'We have been authorized to inform you that the person

for whom you have inquired is Yvonne Laborde, 10 Rue des Canaux, Toulon.'

"I chuckled the case and took a boat, wondering what had softened the Governor. Softening, not of the heart but of the brain, was what I suspected. I was optimistic. I nearly—I nearly stopped off in England to try and see him again." Melvale thought a moment of what the interview would have been, and laughed.

"I got to Toulon—after dallying in Paris longer than I should have—in a very pious frame of mind. I've a religious nature, Billy—at least one of my natures is religious.

"Know Toulon?" Melvale asked, looking up quizzically. "Lovely hole. Inside the fourteenth century walls you can reach out and touch the houses on both sides of the streets, they're so narrow. Naval base—alleys full of sailors off duty, nothing to do, nothing to spend. Bars, accordions, five-cent drinks. two-cent dances." Melvale quivered. "Go to Ten Street of the Canals sometime when you're in Toulon. A big '10' painted on a door of planks. Big house-numbers in a shabby street. You know what that means in this country. I didn't—then.

"Two drunken sailors spilled out of the door, singing one of those songs they don't put in the song-books. That hit me like a bucket of dirty water. I burst into this dive asking for Yvonne Laborde, hoping they wouldn't

know. But they knew her all right. She had been the 'Madame' there—*had* been. She was dead. She had died just ten days before the governor had her address sent to me.

"Can't you see him? Sitting there in London, turning over the letter notifying of her demise—grinning? I can grin like that." He grinned, or tried to.

"I can see him. 'Wants to see his mother, does he? Wants to know all about his mother.' You can see him calling his solicitors on the phone and instructing them to write me that letter. You can see him chuckle over it.

"They thought at number Ten Canal Street that I was somebody come to make trouble and told me to ask the police for further information. I must have acted like Trouble, and looked like Trouble, in person. No wonder they were frightened.

"The police were courteous, though. They were French police; asked me hundreds of questions, then got out a file of papers—records.

"What a record, even for a police record. With that woman, Billy, her very biography was a police record. Every few months they had her up; petty stuff mostly, but all nasty. For five years she had been 'Madame' at number Ten; but she couldn't even be a respectable 'Madame.' She couldn't keep any code, any law, even the laws made for such women. She's in trouble

now. They'll have to handcuff her to keep her from picking their asbestos pockets down there where she is.—Well, the old man thought that would stop me. And it did. He never heard from me again."

We were both silent a moment. I could think of nothing to say. Or I couldn't say what I was thinking. It made Melvale look different to me.

"What time is it?" he asked. It was nearly dark. I switched on the light and looked at the clock. Melvale looked at it too, and leaped to his feet.

"Seven-thirty," he shouted, not a trace of pain in his face. "Why *will* you talk so interestingly, Billy?"

He snatched his stick out of a corner and reached for his hat.

"You—You've almost made me miss my rendezvous!" he reproached me. In the door he turned, the impish twinkle I knew best gleeful in his eye.

"She's *gorgeous*, Billy." A new thought flashed in his mind. He stepped back into the room and whispered, "you know—the governor in London—if his gout hasn't got him down tonight, he's starting out—just as I am, to meet—to meet another of my mothers. Yes—my mothers."

Melvale drew the door shut slowly, looking back at me through the narrow opening, until I could see but one happy, sinful eye. Then he was gone.

Meet Thirty Million Bucks

Tommy Manville lives in the country
but he sure knows how to go to town

GENTLEMEN, I have just met thirty million bucks and I'm still groggy.

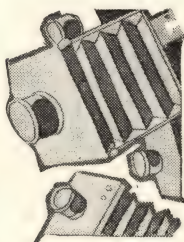
Usually I can take my millionaires or let 'em alone. I've known quite a smattering of them, off and on, from Fifth Avenue to Tahiti. In fact, some of my best friends are in the dough. But there are times when the spectacle of what greenbacks laid end to end can be made to do overwhelms me. The whelming was complete and thorough the other night when I was bounced in upon the menage of Tommy Manville, Jr.

If you ever drag a lecherous eye over the fulvous pages of our livelier tabloids, you already know that the papers print a lot of stuff about Tommy. His frequent embroilments (n., fem.) make whacking good copy for those of us with a yen to know how the other half lives. Even if you never heard of Tommy, you must have heard the Manville name. His dad ran a pile of asbestos into one of the country's larger fortunes. Asbestos, oddly enough, is the stuff you use when you've got to wrap up something too hot to handle,—or get burned.



Happens that I was tipping a seidel in the home of a journalistic colleague one streaming evening when the telephone buzzed. It was Tommy Manville on the wire. He wanted my friend to come right over to cover a whopping big story. A young woman whose departure from the Manville estate had been expedited the previous evening, it appeared, was foully plotting a legal suit with summonses, torts, habeas corpuses and all the trimmings. Somehow she had the notion that a maid had pilfered mad-money from her purse—and someone had handed her a black eye at the exit.

As a journeyman word-monger it was appropriate that I sit in with my pal in consultation. In a short time we were boiling up to New Rochelle, one of Westchester's swankier suburbs. Along the Post Road near the town line we



found the two posts that mark the private road to *Bon Repos* (the restful title of Tommy's estate.)

A few furlongs down the gravel drive a young fellow in a slicker, waving a flashlight, stood in the middle of the road.

By DON BESTOR

"Cop?" I asked my pal, paling. "Cop," he admitted. He leaned out the window and said he was a reporter.

"Reporters? Tha'sall I wanted to know."

We skidded on along the curving road. It was pretty black and there didn't seem to be anybody at home in the big estates that sprawled on either side of the gravel. Then we rounded a bend. I figured we were hitting the Midway of a World's Fair. There were more searchlights there than on an MGM sound stage. Big babies, lined up on four walls, beating down on a house built in ornate Japanese Pagoda style. On top of the house was a red light. I didn't know what it meant then.

My pal ran his car smack up to a gate in the wall. It wasn't any orange-crate picket, either, but a man-size portcullis. A husky bruiser came out of a guardhouse and stared at my pal. You could have cracked pecans on his face with the sharp end down and he wouldn't have blinked. He didn't blink now, just grunted and opened the gates.

We drove in and the portcullis closed. Right in my ear a mountain lion, a bobcat and a spotted leopard let out a curdling roar and made other sounds like my neck in a clothes wringer. I saw a big wire cage beside the gate with something jumping up inside. With a casual forefinger I pushed my tonsils back *in situ* and encouraged my pal:

"Hell, it's only a police dog! He won't hurt you. Nice doggie."

There were other guardhouses spotted at various points around the walls. The flood lights made the whole lawn practically as bright as day, except for the rain. I asked my pal how many guards Tommy had scattered around. He said six. Tommy, it seems, has more than a fear of being "snatched."

We parked the car and I helped my friend rustle out his camera and flashlight bulbs and we clomped up on the porch and were met by a maid who stuck our coats in a closet. Tommy heard us and came bounding out of his dining room, the perfect host. He has a distinguished thatch of graying hair, gray-blue eyes and a genial manner. In fact, as one says of millionaires who prove unexpectedly affable, he is as common as an old shoe. None of this "Mr. Manville" stuff goes with Tommy. But I made sure of his attitude first. The skirt of his coat had flipped aside and there was a holster with a shootin'-iron therein.

We had interrupted a dinner *a deux* with a ravishing blonde who acknowledged our introduction charmingly. My pal unslung his camera and set up his tripod to record the little scene. A maid came in with a tray of beverages. There was a lot of furniture around. Out in the sunroom we had come through a fountain bubbled. There was a bar in the corner. I thought the soft music was coming from a radio, but it

originated in one of two record-playing machines, one on each floor. Then can play records all night without a refill and they are hooked up to twenty-three loudspeakers, one in every room.

While my pal prepared to snap a few shots of the young lady, Tommy graciously offered to show me around. He was pretty proud of his basement, he said. A lot of people didn't appreciate the thought that had gone into its arrangements. I could see in practically an instant that he had something. His office was the room at the foot of the stairs. It had a slather of furniture in it but what stood out was a grand piano and two desks, each with a top about the size of a hockey rink. Three telephones sat on the corner.

"I've got the hall fixed up like a ship," Tommy said. "Okay. Come on. I'll show you."

We stood in a long corridor that was finished in white enamel which glistened like a spotlight on the posterior convexities of a strip-teaser. The floor was painted gray and was clean enough to eat off if you could bend that far down. Tommy was right. It looked just like the companionway of an ocean liner.

I poked my head into a small room opening off the hall. A table stood there piled with three or four dozen pictures in black frames.

"Marcelle's pictures," Tommy explained. "She sort of left 'em here. We didn't know just what

to do with 'em when she left."

Marcelle, I remembered, was Tommy's wife—his fourth, I believe. I had read somewhere in the tabloids that they were on the verge of pftt-ing. Anyhow, Marcelle wasn't there but plenty of her portraits were.

Farther down the corridor was an alcove which stopped me. Ranged along the wall were ten four-drawer letter cabinets.

"My filing system of press notices," Tommy explained. "Those are my steamer trunks across from 'em. Ready to pile on ship on five minute's notice."

Tommy makes up his mind suddenly like that. He sometimes acts impulsively. Sometimes he talks impulsively too. He is a man of uncommon conversational dexterity, leaping from one point to another faster than the naked eye can follow. Often he leaves his listener sweating and straining a mile and a half behind.

There were only six or seven trunks, anyway. My interest in them waned as Tommy prepared to introduce me to his *chef d'oeuvre*, his *magnum opus*. I had observed it when I entered the hall but its singular significance escaped me. It looked like a miniature firebox set against the wall, a red metal cube with a swinging door.

Tommy swung it open, showing me a knife switch which he thrust shut. Instantly the devil started screaming somewhere up above. In about thirty seconds the bruiser from the outside

gate came boiling in waving a gat. He looked pretty grim, I can tell you, until Tommy waved him back to work with the explanation that it was only a demonstration.

"Got switches like this all around the house," Tommy explained. "Connect with a siren on top of the house, under the red light. If I lose the key to my bedroom and can't get in, I press a switch. One of the guards comes up and lets me in."

It seemed an eminently forthright solution of an uncommon embarrassment. That siren is what one might describe as the distinctive Manville touch. Almost anybody could think of building a gate, installing a watchdog, hiring bodyguards, but the siren raised Tommy's kidnapping protective system distinctly above the rut. His back-bayish neighbors have now and again gotten up petitions pleading that Tommy be restrained from letting go of his siren in the middle of the night. They are just softies who can't take it. Tommy still has his siren under the red light on top of his house, and I guess that shows the neighbors where *they* stand.

But the end was not yet. At the ground line of the basement wall I observed three large fuses.

"Telephone lines," Tommy explained. "Trunk lines."

"Three trunk lines?"

"Two from New Rochelle, one direct wire to New York police headquarters."

Well, I had to see just how

that worked. So we went upstairs. On the second floor Tommy has his private switch-board. It's about the size a good, substantial corporation might use—say, General Motors or U. S. Steel. Tommy operates it himself, and with no mean skill. He prefers to call his friends at odd hours of the night.

Tommy's well-protected estate has been a haven for a good many troubled souls. Norma Taylor fled there after becoming involved in the Astor diary case. Just about everybody in show business knows Tommy. He never said so to me, but I have it on unimpeachable authority that he once remarked he would like to make Nancy Carroll his next wife. He did, however, show me the chauffeur's license which he keeps carefully in his bill-fold. If something should happen, now, and Tommy had to earn his own living, he could go right out tomorrow and get a job driving a hack. It shows a quality of foresight with which a lot of people aren't decent enough to credit Tommy.

At the moment Tommy was talking over the matter of the legal suit, the launching of which by the gal who had left without her mad-money, and with someone's fist in her eye, was to justify an expense account for a trip through the rain and the blasting of a dozen or so flash bulbs for "art." In other words, when the legal machinery started creaking my pal had his story and tabloid readers would

get their usual headline prune juice with the morning eggs: MANVILLE SUED—ASBESTOS HEIR MADE TARGET BY BLONDE CUTEY

"Sure. She'll sue," Manville insisted. "I'll get her on the wire and confirm it. You can make the early editions with the story."

Business of Tommy at the switchboard, throwing wires like strings of spaghetti.

"Line's busy. We'll fix that."

More wires flung. "Police department? O. K. Manville speaking. Someone is on Chelsea 3- (wouldn't you like to know the number?) Get 'em off."

And whoever was on that wire, got off—pronto.

Then he got the young lady. His conversation was staccato and succinct. In the end he pulled out the switchboard plug in disgust. She wasn't going to sue, after all. She'd had a change of heart, or something.

This suit definitely was not to be passed.

"There goes the story," boomed my pal.

"Guess it does," agreed Manville soberly. Then, as an afterthought:

"Hang onto the pictures." A thoughtful look in his eye as he glanced back at the girl waiting for him to finish dinner. "Something *may* come up in a day or two and you can use them."



the Quaint whimsy of drinking Martinis from a tea cup
eng. by John Held Jr with a bitter taste

DRUMS IN HEAT

The real voodoo, as related by one
who has seen many Haitian rituals

RIGHT after darkness fell they made their blood sacrifices. The tall young head priest twisted the neck of the sacred cock, then with a sure, short blow of his machete slashed the throat of the beribboned and perfumed shote. The beast's little eyes rolled blank in the flicker of the lantern light. The blood jetted bright and sharply odourous into the wooden bowls the red-robed women held.

A thick cross of roughly hewn mahogany was in a shallow pit before the altar. Blood from the bowls splashed over that and over the white altar cloth with its red flannel cross. The crowd had been silent, held to an almost agonized immobility. Now the sound of released breathing was like a harsh scream. The three drummers were there, poised. They held out their black hands and flatly struck the drum heads. Their blows on the tautly drawn drum heads were small and sliding, swift.

This was a service of the Petro cult of the *Vaudou*, and the women took away the sacred flesh to be prepared and cooked. The place here was what they called a *tonnelle*, an open-sided structure with a palm thatch and the altar at one end. The altar was

made out of green bamboo poles, bent and tied in place with withes. The cotton sheet with the flannel cloth covered it. On the altar were candles and little bottles of imported liqueurs and perfumes, platters holding a kind of wafer-thin bread and more bottles full of *clairin*, the powerful white Haitian rum.

The young *houngan* had faced the altar as he sacrificed the cock and the shote. The dancers and the singers faced it now. Most of the dancers were young, simple country folk from all over

the big *Cul de Sac* plain. The men wore cheap white cotton pants and shirts and wide straw sombreros which flopped and jerked as they danced. The girls and women wore cotton turbans and white dresses cut in the old-fashioned style, with tight bodices and wide skirts.

All of them except the *houngan* were barefoot, and their angular black feet stamped and thudded on the hard-packed ground as they



By **ROBERT CARSE**

author of "Pacific," "Horizon," etc.

answered the pulsing drums.

Those were at the far end of the place from the altar. There were three of them, tall and straight and shining darkly in the light. They were special drums, kept for this service only, and keyed as tightly as the drummers could get them. The drummers sat on straight-backed chairs while they played. The one in the middle was an old man with a gray frizz of hair and eyes that glinted like copper. The other two were much younger, big and strong men. But they waited for the old man to set the beat and change the cadence.

He sat forward on the edge of his chair to play. He struck the gleaming surface of the drum head with motions like a caress. His knuckles and the joints of his hands had been swollen and driven back by years of drumming. From time to time he slid the side of one hand slanting across the drum head. It brought a high, whimpering sound which pierced the cacophonic iterations of the other drummers.

Out in the middle of the place the two best dancers of the crowd had taken their positions. The man was supple and handsome and bronze-skinned. He was a *hounsi*, one of the head priest's assistants, and he wore a red silk shirt trimmed with gold fringe. Now the drummers and the crowd followed him. The girl was slim and about the same height as the man. She had a red silk dress and turban. Her

high breasts pulled the silk tight; the flat curves of her thighs made her skirt ripple and flow with the effect of fire. She wore big gold hoop earrings and a gold cross on a chain about her neck. She was *la reine chanteuse* here tonight and the crowd called out her name.

The crowd fell back a bit and let her and the bronze-skinned man dance alone. Every beat of the drums seemed to run right through them. Their bodies twisted and jerked and writhed from the hips and knees. The motions of their feet were so fast as to be almost unseen. Her breast tips shivered and her wide, full lips were parted. Sweat glistened on the man's face. He was panting and his hands were rigid at his sides.

In the back of the crowd two or three women and then a man began to scream. They were the people whose gods were of the Petro cult. They had been praying for the spirits of the gods to enter them for hours and now the gods had come.

"*Possedés, moun coté la,*" some of the others in the crowd called. "*Ga'de yo'!*"

The possessed people shuffled forth dancing. The ceremony of the sacrifices, the ruffling and pulsing of the drums had taken them deep into an ecstatic frenzy. For them the possession of the gods was complete. Their eyes were hazed and staring. A rigour controlled and masked their dark faces. They danced staggering and falling, brushing

against the drums and the blood-splashed cross in the pit before the altar. One of the women moaned and fell, lay twitching her abdomen, her skirts high along her black, sinewy flanks.

Another of the possessed ones, a boy of about fifteen with a round, soft face, danced right over her. He shrieked and kicked his feet high in the air, came down and spun and whirled, his arms flailing loosely. Then he stood nearly still, moving nothing but his feet, releasing the beat and thrust of the roaring drum in little, subtle movements of the heels and toes. It was intricate and perfect: a pattern of rhythm which made the drummers lean forward and cry out to the boy as they palmed their instruments, "*Eh, 'Ti Jean! Eh, 'Ti Jean! Eh, eh, eh-h!*"

'Ti Jean sagged suddenly at the knees and went down. He rested rigid on the earth and talked in a high voice. It was the "old talk" that the tribes had brought out with them from the Guinea Coast here to Haiti and only the *Vaudou* priests and possessed people used now. He was talking to his god, *Damballah*, the fierce and great one, and his voice rambled, pitched savagely, lowered to a soft murmur. Then he was silent.

A possessed woman was beginning to sing. The others took it up and for a moment the drums were still. One of the red-shirted *hounsi* had brought a bottle of rum from the altar. He filled his mouth until his cheeks dis-

tended, blew the liquor showering in an aromatic mist into the woman's face and over all of them and the drums. The woman placed her hands against her breasts and sang to *Papa Legba*, the god of fertility.

The crowd took the song up when she slumped sideways and stopped. They sang it over and over, clapping their hands:

"*Papa Legba ouvri barié pou' moin, Ago-é!*"

"*Papa Legba ouvri chemin pou' li, Ago-é. . .*"

'Ti Jean was moving on his hands and knees through the crowd into the clearing beyond. He rose stumbling, his hands fumbling out before him convulsively. A huge fire that had been burning since early afternoon was there. It had been laid in a rough oval shape, become a red-cored mass of coals. 'Ti Jean walked through the coals ankle deep. Out in the centre, shuffling the warm gray ash high, he danced as the drums started again. Others of the possessed veered close to the fire, fell back and sagged down.

'Ti Jean let forth a wild, fluttering yell. He had just found the old rifle barrel he had brought here this afternoon. He lifted it and jabbed it down into the centre of the hottest coals. He danced about it as he waited, his face and eyes serenely vacant, his arms flapping loosely.

The steel of the old barrel heated slowly. It took perhaps an hour for the entire length to get a glowing red. 'Ti Jean ad-

vanced and touched it, drew aside and laughed and called to his god. A young girl came forth from the crowd and rested as close to the fire as she could stand. She was weeping and her voice trembled with fear and longing. She told 'Ti Jean to forget his god and come forth from the fire. She told him to remember her and not to touch the rifle barrel.

'Ti Jean did not seem to see her or the fire. He turned and grasped the red-glowing rifle muzzle with both hands and stepped forth through the coals. He carried the thing high above his head, dancing and singing.

The crowd moved aside and then followed him. As he came swaying into the shelter near the drummers the rifle barrel touched the palm thatch and the green fronds browned and withered steaming. He danced until it was cooled and black in his hands. He took it back and heated it again in the fire, returned to dance. It was dawn when he stopped and then the priests were finishing the ceremony.

The young *houngan* had rung a brass bell on the altar. He had blown a whistle and the drums were stilled. The solemn-eyed women in their red robes brought in the bowls full of the sacred meat. The *houngan* addressed the gods and traced the cabalistic ancient symbols of the Vaudou on the floor with pinches of maize flour. He placed little piles of black gunpowder on frag-

ments of the wafer-like bread from the altar, then put the bread at the corners of the design he had traced.

Men brought him a charring log end from the fire which had cooked the ceremonial food. He breathed upon the log until it flamed. Then he touched the log end to the heaps of powder. They boomed and flared an electric blue light. Then the possessed ones were called and shouldered forward to eat while the *houngan* snapped a long-lashed whip over their heads.

'Ti Jean ate first, and got the most precious bit, the shote's head. Water poured from a bowl by the *houngan* over him and the other possessed ones shocked him back to the edge of consciousness. He tripped giddily and nearly fell as he went out from before the altar.

It was high day now. This was all over. The sun flanged the far hills with scarlet and silver and then white gold. 'Ti Jean looked around and the girl was right beside him. He laughed as he saw her, for her eyes were still frightened. But she bent down to look at the ragged hems of his trousers and his bare feet. They were unmarked; the flimsy cotton was not even scorched. She opened his hands. The palms held no burns or blisters.

She laughed with 'Ti Jean then and he put his arm around her. They started down the little slope past the ashes of the fire and towards the trail out into the plain. The girl walked close

to him and rubbed her thigh against him. "*Damballah, li est bon, eh?*" 'Ti Jean asked her, his eyes bright.

"*Oui,*" she told him, "*Damballah est bon dieu.*" 'Ti Jean was leading her from the trail then and out into the sugar cane. She

did not have time to say anything more about good or bad gods. She heard the green, sweet cane crack and buckle as 'Ti Jean made a place there, then she gave her thought and body to him, shut her eyes against the flaming sun.

Answers to Questions on Page 36

1. Black, brown, bay, chestnut, dun, light grey (the usual manner of referring to a *white* horse)—with, of course, varying shades of these.
2. A black and white horse, the white patterned in big splotches or patches on the back, or the reverse. A brown and white pattern of this sort is called *skewbald*.
3. A horse whose color is made up of chestnut, brown, red, or bay, thickly interspersed with white.
4. A light chestnut.
5. A narrow stripe down the face, usually in the center.
6. Clipping the mane close to the neck.
7. Cutting the tail, usually very short.
8. In "*hands*" and inches.
9. Four inches.
10. A horse or stallion.
11. A mare.
12. A castrated horse.
13. Foals.
14. Eleven months.
15. From twenty to twenty-three years.
16. The greatest age attained by a horse, according to available records which are reasonably authentic, is 53. Clover, the property of the Rev. Dr. Uriah Myers of Catawissa, Pa., is known to have been that old—or possibly a year or two older—when he died in 1924. Old Bill, who died at Washington, N. J., in 1925, is reported—but less reliably—to have been 55 at that time. It is claimed that an English draught horse, "Billy," had reached the great age of 63 when he died in 1822.
17. Approximately forty-five miles. This distance was actually averaged by the United States Cavalry over a three weeks' period, foraging on the country. This, however, is frequently exceeded. In the annual endurance tests in Vermont, the horses, largely Morgan stock, were ridden an average of 60 miles for five days. On two occasions at the United States Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas, a squadron of cavalry with full pack equipment has been marched 100 miles in twenty-four hours (eighteen hours actual marching) and gone on the next day for several miles without the loss of a horse. In peace time, a day's march for conditioned cavalry mounts, with full equipment, is generally thirty-five miles.
18. From the time any hoof leaves the ground until that hoof strikes again, from 20 to 26 feet.
19. The extended gallop; the pace; the trot.
20. 8 ft. 3½ inches by Fred Wettach's, King's Own, in November, 1925. Heatherbloom, between 1901 and 1903, is reported, unofficially, to have cleared a height of 8 ft. 3 inches. Great Heart jumped 8 ft. 13/16 inches on June 9, 1923, in Chicago.

GOD IN BLACKFACE

Father Divine may not be God, but by
all the angels in Harlem, he's good

FROM Times Square, New York, the best way to get to Heaven is on the Seventh Avenue subway. Get off at 116th Street. Heaven is just around the corner—angels and everything.

You may even see God; but telephone first. One cannot just saunter in on Deity unannounced and say: "Good morning, Lawd. How's tricks?"

Father Divine, black, bald and benevolent, wasn't always God. A fellow has to work up to that sort of thing. Forty years ago he was just a Baltimore colored boy, mowing lawns on week days and shouting Hallelujah on Sundays. His native inertia caused him to miss his mowing once in a while, but his Hallelujahs were as regular as a landlord's knock-knock.

They called him George Baker. Then, as religion impregnated his simple soul, they called him The Messenger. Still later, a jury in Georgia called him crazy, and told him to get the

Hell out of there—and fast!

It was the jurors, not George Baker, who were cuckoo. They went from the courthouse back to their sharecropping. Baker went onward and upward to become God in a Harlem Heaven.

The metamorphosis was by a series of reincarnations, he will tell you. Actually, Father Divine (God) doesn't even remember ever having been George Baker. He recalls, though, his days as The Messenger, because it was then that he first found the verse in the Bible which told him he

was God. It was in First Corinthians, the third chapter, and said: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

Baker and another colored gentleman named Samuel Morris decided that this verse applied particularly to them. Morris, who found it first, figured that he was the Number One God—

"God in the Fatherhip degree" was the way he put it—and that young Baker was "God in the Sonship degree."



By **PHIL ROMAN**

It is plain nonsense to think that either Morris or Baker were deliberately trying to kid anybody. Each was fanatically convinced that the verse in First Corinthians was a Message to him. If God dwelt in George Baker, then Baker's body was His body. Therefore, George Baker was God.

George, however, was still young—still feeling his way in the Deity business. Morris, older, had found the verse first, so Baker modestly accepted Godship in the Sonship degree, naively considering it as practically the same thing, anyway.

A third colored zealot in those Baltimore days of the re-birth of Gods was St. John Divine Bishop. He, too, pondered the verse of Corinthians. Unlike the others, he interpreted it to mean that God dwelleth in every believer. Morris and Baker were upset by this. Morris, who now was calling himself Jehovah, declined flatly to share his Godship with the *hoi polloi*. Baker didn't commit himself.

Baltimore colored folks weren't taking the matter seriously. There was never more than a handful of followers at the meetings. Morris—Jehovah, God in the Fathership degree—was never quite able to make the congregation believe in his divinity. Baker, still wrestling with the problem in his own mind, never tried.

The suspicious white folks may wonder what the racket was. There was no racket. It was

merely fanaticism without benefit of collection boxes. The two Gods in blackface really believed it.

Baker, with a few followers, finally broke away from Baltimore and lawn mowing, and went into the South, carrying the word. Now he was The Messenger. People listened, but converts were rare. The Messenger was earnest and impressive, but not a showman.

He was still The Messenger when he came to New York, with less than a dozen followers. This entourage was most important, for the entourage worked—a thing that The Messenger no longer messed around with. As cooks, waiters, domestics, laborers, they earned money that was turned over to The Messenger who used it in turn to pay rent, buy food and purchase clothing.

The Messenger, as time went on, reincarnated himself successively into Major J. Devine (the "Major" reflecting the war influence of 1918), the Reverend J. Devine, Father Devine, and finally into Father Divine (God). Note that it wasn't until he got to be God—in parentheses—that he learned how to spell divine.

Anyone who dismisses Father Divine as just another colored preacher appealing to the superstitions of his race is overlooking one of the most astounding human phenomena of this generation; for there is one important point that can't be ignored. Father Divine is receiving today

what is certainly one of the largest annual cash incomes of any single American, black or white.

By conservative estimate, more than half a million dollars find their way into his pocket each year; and he doesn't pay a nickel's worth of income tax.

Anyone who can do that may not be God, but he's good.

Father Divine won't admit to a penny's income. Answering inquiries about Father Divine's worldly goods, his followers invariably reply: "Father Divine is God Almighty!" That settles everything.

On occasion he has been sued. So far no one has been able to collect on a judgment against him. They find no assets. Ask him how he lives, he beams and replies: "Father will provide. Peace! It's wonderful!" You can't get around an honest, straightforward statement like that.

Father Divine is a disappointing Deity to look upon. He wears an \$8.75 suit of clothes—extra pair of pants free, no charge for alterations. When he travels about he has an Angel for chauffeur. His vehicle is a dilapidated Rolls-Royce near the verge of disintegration. Hardly anyone less than God would have the temerity to ride in it.

When he flies, as he often does, he engages ancient crates which no self-respecting scrap heap would have around. He appears always blandly uncon-

scious of any danger in a dangerous world.

There is no creed to the religion of Father Divine. The Bible is The Book. Father Divine is the Word and the Works. The interpretation is often pretty involved, for Father Divine's thoughts frequently outrun his vocabulary. In broad outline, he preaches that God is wonderful and that he is God. Sometimes it is a bit hard to understand just what he's talking about, but his followers don't seem to mind.

Once he said this to his Angels:

"You are in a New World. We are not representing Heaven as a place geographically, but a State of Consciousness wherein all men can arise to and recognize God's Presence as Real, as tangibleateable, and as practical as the rules of mathematics. It is indeed wonderful! Not only tangibleated but tangibleateable. It has been tangibleated, and it can be retangibleated; it can and will continue to materialize, and repersonify, rematerialize and repersonify, for the great materializing process is going on."

It's as simple as that.

There is no free love monkey business in Heaven, which is what the headquarters on 115th street is called. Even married couples, once they become Angels, must foreswear the conubial couch. Male Angels sleep with male Angels. The lady Angels also have to keep sex out

of their minds. All love centers in God. There may be some chiselling, but not much.

Nor has ever the breath of scandal blown upon Father Divine. He might, in a benevolent mood, pat a Lady Angel approvingly on the back in commendation, but positively no pawing. It is indeed wonderful.

As a matter of fact, every attempt to pin sin on the Black-face God has met disaster. The time in Georgia when a jury tried "John Doe, alias God" for lunacy and found him a little "tetched in the haid" was the nearest he ever came to serious trouble; and they merely told him to leave the community.

When he was operating his first Heaven on Long Island, the traffic in colored people to his famous Sunday dinners was so great as to annoy some white folks, and he was arrested as a public nuisance. It turned out to be the best thing that ever happened, for a "miracle" followed.

Justice Lewis J. Smith heard the case and ordered Father Divine to pay a \$500 fine and serve a year in jail. Four days later, Justice Smith—who had been in apparently perfect health—dropped dead. Everywhere colored people felt that "God" was responsible. Later the verdict against "God" was set aside by a higher court.

People wonder where Father Divine's large income originates. Answering that is easy. The mystery is where it goes—

for he has no bank dealings.

Consider the income first. He is the leading landlord of Harlem, operating his main Heaven and thirty Extension Heavens. One of the latter, known as the Faithful Mary Extension Heaven, consists of seven four-story buildings, all made into dormitories occupied by Angels paying \$1 or \$2 a week. The lease is in the name of Faithful Mary.

Father Divine operates about twenty-five Harlem restaurants, all frankly commercial. None, however, is in his name. There are half a dozen Father Divine grocery stores, a dozen cleaning establishments, ten barbershops, two score huckster wagons, many Father Divine shoe shine boys, two newspapers and a coal business.

"God" invariably undersells other merchants and paradoxically makes better profits. The Angels in these numerous enterprises work without wages, their living problem being solved by Father Divine who provides sleeping quarters, food, necessary carfare and occasional clothing.

There are Extension Heavens in New Jersey and Maryland. Last year Father Divine purchased a huge tract of farm land (1000 acres) in upstate New York. He also has indicated an intention to purchase factories. The farm and the factories would provide more work for his Angels, and more money for "God." It has been apparent



"Wait'll Pop sees the last reel I took of you two!"



"You'd better take it with you. The employees are throwing a party here tonight"



"I'll shake them once more, Mr. Golde. Winner take everything"



*"Tell Mr. Spalding I wish to see him on a matter of importance
concerning himself and me"*

lately that Father Divine is anxious to make investments in real property—which might mean anything. All purchases are made in the names of his Angels.

He has a secretariat headed by a white man. Several white persons, both men and women, are among his followers.

There is no expense in Heaven for doctors. Father Divine won't admit that an Angel can be ill. There is no expense for burial. An Angel who dies goes to Potter's Field.

Persons who become Angels must first give Father Divine all their property. One colored gentleman who had a great flare for clothes, had to turn in all his seventy-five suits. No Angel is permitted to carry insurance. If he has any, it must be turned into cash—and over to "God."

If Father Divine has one thou-

sand Angels averaging \$10 a week—many of them earn triple that sum—, that means an income for him of \$10,000 a week—\$520,000 a year. The number is probably larger, the average higher. Add to this the income from his numerous commercial undertakings, and the total may run up to a million dollars a year. A public accountant declares it may be two million.

Occasional backsliders demand the return of money they have given him. He retorts with a bill for rent, food and clothing.

In the Harlem Heavens hang signs reading: "Father Divine is God Almighty," or just "Father Divine (God)." In the main Heaven there eventually appeared a great banner which went so far as to say: "Father Divine is Dean of the Universe."

In the God business, apparently, even the sky isn't the limit.

Marrying a man to reform him is like drinking liquor to destroy it.

* * *

A real old bar fly is one who would rather have a head on his beer than one on his shoulder.

* * *

Our idea of a plausible story is one that makes your wife sympathize with the poor girl who lost her compact in your automobile.

* * *

An optimist is a guy who thinks his wife has quit cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around his house.

PAPAS FOR PROFITS

Notes on Canada's diaper decathlon,
or lottery of the gay spermatozoon

BEING a papa in a Stork Derby is, as the fellow says, good work if you can get it.

A Stork Derby, as Toronto, Ontario, has so lately demonstrated, is a contest to see who can have the most babies in a ten-year stretch. It's a sort of diaper decathlon. The winner is supposed to get a lot of money which, having had a lot of offspring along the way, she can darn well use.

The losers wind up with a house full of pandemonium and a yard full of broken milk bottles.

It was Charles Vance Millar who wrote the diabolical document that turned Toronto maternity into a marathon. Being a bachelor, he probably figured he knew all about the facts of life and maternity.

There are people in Toronto who still think Charley Millar, a crusty old meanie if there ever was one, was actually on the level when he bequeathed most of his money to "the Toronto mother who in the ten year period following my death gives birth to the greatest number of children."

Well, he wasn't; and if he was, he was crazy.

The facts about Mr. Millar and his \$500,000 shot-in-the-arm to motherhood are simple. He didn't like women who had babies, so he thought it would be cute to coax the ladies of his home town to go on a baby-bearing spree. Mr. Millar, even though a bachelor, knew that it is no picnic for a woman to be wheeled into a delivery room once a year, or oftener. Let 'em suffer, was his general idea; and it will be a good lesson to the rest of the world.

There was another thought in the back of the bald barrister's brain: post-mortem fame. Never in the public eye during his lifetime, he determined to get there after he was dead. He succeeded.

"Damn dead men!" he used to say as he wrestled with lawsuits over wills, "They are always coming back to plague us!"

So he fixed it so he could come back. It is too bad he couldn't have been back in the flesh last Hallowe'en night when the Stork Derby ended; too bad he couldn't have seen weary mothers screaming recrimina-



By CARLOS KNIGHT

who was in on the screaming finish

tion at each other, claiming motherhood of babies of whom there was no record, and hiring lawyers and "managers" in the female frenzy to get their fingers into Millar's gold.

On the very day the fantastic affair ended, one mother was burying the baby whose birth had placed her in a tie for the prize.

Newspapermen sent to Toronto to cover the finish couldn't make up their minds whether the story was tragic or comic. We agreed only that it was an utterly mad marathon.

Mrs. Grace Bagnato, who had been a front runner until some of the other ladies began pulling twins out of the hat and discovering eligible births that seemed to have slipped their minds, was a source of constant anxiety to the gentlemen of the press. Mrs. Bagnato needed one more baby in the waning days of the contest to get up with the leaders; and Mrs. Bagnato looked for all the world as though she was going to have it. Every reporter who interviewed her had the feeling that he was going to be an eye-witness to Nature's Greatest Wonder. It looked as though Mrs. Bagnato was going to make it a photo-finish. Her rooters were actually praying that Nature hurry up. Some of the more enthusiastic ones were calling upon God to make it twins.

Mrs. Lily Kenny, who never was quite sure whether she was the mother of eleven or twelve

babies, heard about Mrs. Bagnato's imminent motherhood and announced that she felt another Little Stranger coming on, too. Mrs. Kenny had gone down to death's door, as the saying is, a scant eight months before. Nevertheless, she was in no mood to lose out on the stretch.

Neither mother, however, was able to augment her brood in the time limit, so the Derby ended in a tie and in—of course—the courts.

In all the hubbub, everyone was overlooking the silent partners of the merry marathon—the Forgotten Men. As Mrs. Pauline Mae Clarke—"that woman" of the baby derby—remarked: "Babies don't grow on trees, you know." It was a nice way of calling attention to the papas—the *sine qua non* of babies.

Mrs. Clarke's position was delicate. Five of her ten babies, including a set of twins, were born after she and her husband separated. She, most of all, would have liked to have had the Forgotten Men remain forgotten.

Some of the Derby daddies were modest and retiring. Mr. Bagnato, for instance, wouldn't have any part of it. Paternity to him was not a race for gold but a marital honor and privilege. The Bagnatos were parents of fourteen youngsters before they ever heard of Charles Vance Millar.

Mr. William Kenny, on the other hand, felt that the accolade of parental genius should

be bestowed upon the sire fully as much as upon the dame. Privately he liked to feel that about ninety per cent of the glory should accrue to him. He was always careful, however, not to express himself along these lines within the hearing of his wife.

On one occasion, believing that Mrs. Kenny was elsewhere, he was orating on the matter. Throwing out his chest and his chin simultaneously, he announced to an interested group of reporters: "I am the Stork Derby champion!"

At this point Mrs. Kenny entered and everything went blank for Mr. Kenny. The lady, it developed, was not one to permit any loose lip. Papas should learn their place.

The government of Ontario is not very keen on these mass maternity affairs. A few families have all the babies, and the government pays a good part of the upkeep. The Kennys were on dole for a large part of the ten year period. Their upkeep cost many thousands of dollars

—fuel, food, rent and clothes. Their economic status, however, didn't interfere with the baby output. Mrs. Kenny said that when she got the prize she certainly would pay back the relief people. She and Mr. Kenny were just having the babies "on the cuff," as the boys say over at the pool room.

Other leading baby-bearers also enjoyed regular visits from the Welfare bureau for considerable periods of time, but Nature kept on taking its course.

Many babies died. There were frequent stillbirths. But that didn't matter. Dead or alive, the babies counted. Mr. Millar wasn't one to quibble over details. He didn't even specify that the Derby mothers should be married. A woman with a dozen mates for a dozen babies was just as eligible as any other mother.

If the Millar will was nothing else, it was original. It put maternity on a production basis. It was all right, probably, to leave First Prize to mother; but Papa was entitled at least to a box of cigars—for ringing the bell.

Women are like cigarettes: They come in packs; get lit; hang onto your lips; make you puff; go out unexpectedly; leave a bad taste in the mouth, and still they satisfy.

It Happened In Hollywood

From Tinker to Evers to Ethel, and
a career girl's bridges are burned

AND so Ethel became a movie star, at least all the other girls thought of her as a movie star from the moment she signed her contract with Superba Pictures.

Of course some of the more catty girls who didn't like Ethel lifted their eyebrows and said that Ethel would never have gotten the movie offer if her daddy hadn't been exchange manager for Superba in a middle western state, and a pretty important guy in landing those juicy contracts with theater managers in his district.

But all the fellows agreed that Ethel should be in the movies. She was the most beautiful girl in high school and later at business college, with her honey-colored hair and long-lashed blue eyes and her knockout of a figure. And she photographed well; all the town had seen the newsreel shots of Ethel as Queen of the Harvest Festival, riding on a float decorated with sheaves of wheat and autumn flowers.

Ethel thought of herself as a "good girl," and she was, technically speaking, although she had gone pretty far with some of the favored town boys. Ethel

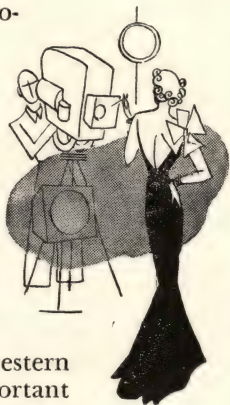
thought she had better remain a good girl until she got to Hollywood. She might meet Sammy Fineberg. He was the top producer at Superba, and a bachelor, and pretty handsome from his pictures.

And so Ethel went to Hollywood, and there was a bored press agent at the station to meet her, and a photographer, and the Los Angeles News printed a one-column cut, with plenty of leg showing, labeled "Har-

vest Queen Crashes Films." And the press agent turned out to be pretty nice, and told her where to get a cute little one-room apartment near the studio for \$40 a month. And she made the down payment on a pretty good second-hand Ford, because you can't get by in Hollywood without a car of some sort.

All the Hollywood men were very nice to Ethel from the very first. It was easy for men to be nice to Ethel, because her blue eyes melted every time she looked at a guy, from the studio cop to a director.

Bill Kortright, the still photographer, got a load of Ethel a couple of days after she arrived



By One Who Knew Ethel

at the studio. She came into his gallery for a "portrait sitting." Bill grabbed a few "heads" of her and then made her take off most of her clothes and draped her in velvet and silk for "art studies" that revealed the curves the home town boys thought were the nuts. That was Bill's usual procedure with the new girls, and they went over swell in *Artistic Art Studies*, and other magazines devoted to the female form divine.

Because Bill always made tentative passes at the new girls, he made a pass at Ethel in a slightly bored manner, and because she didn't protest too much, he didn't have much trouble getting what the home town boys had tried in vain to promote. It didn't make a bit of difference to Ethel, and she was glad that she was finally no longer a "good girl."

So after that life was very simple. Ethel was a "stock girl," which meant that she worked in ballroom scenes, and railroad station scenes, and street scenes, her blonde beauty nicely garbed by the wardrobe department because she was on contract. The directors didn't bother much with her, but the assistant directors thought her a good kid and a few of them even made passes at her.

On days she didn't work in the movies she was generally the property of the publicity department. The publicity department took her and the other stock girls to the beach, or the

mountains, and made them wear scanty bathing suits, or cute little "country boy" outfits that showed plenty of leg. The resulting pictures landed in all the movie magazines, and Ethel was labeled Ethel Smith, Superba starlet, and some of her girl friends back home started making scrapbooks and wondered why they didn't see Ethel in big parts if she were a starlet. And Ethel was very nice about sending pictures of herself to her high school friends.

A lot of mornings Ethel had to get up at 6:00 and go to the station to meet "visitors." She and the sleepy-eyed press agents and photographers would generally curse the movies and visitors in general on these occasions, but Ethel didn't really mind, because the visitors (usually branch managers like her daddy) were thrilled to be met by a movie actress and Ethel always smiled very brightly into the camera.

All this time she saw Bill Kortright after work, and he either stayed at her apartment or she stayed at his, and Ethel learned a great deal about Love, because Bill Kortright was a very experienced lover. But he never told her that he was in love with her, and he never gave her any presents, except a wrist watch for her birthday, but Ethel thought he was just undemonstrative.

One night she was asked to go to a big banquet at the Ambassador Hotel for some New York executives of Superba, and there

she met Sammy Fineberg for the first time. She had seen him on the lot, but he paid no attention to her, because he generally walked down the lot with his nose buried in a script. He worked very hard and seldom had a chance to go out, so he got very tight practically immediately. It wasn't very hard for Ethel to make up to him, and they danced together a lot, and Ethel looked very beautiful in a gown from the wardrobe. That night Ethel went home with him to his swanky duplex apartment, but she couldn't stay all night because the manager of the apartment was the ex-mistress of another producer and she might talk. So the chauffeur had to yawn outside until Sammy Fineberg had fallen into an exhausted and drunken sleep.

The next day Ethel stuck pretty close around her apartment, hoping that Sammy Fineberg would call her, but he didn't. Finally she called Bill Kortright, and he was very cool over the phone, because it was common knowledge around the lot that Ethel had left the banquet with Sammy. But Ethel told him to come up and talk it over, and she bought a quart of gin and a steak, and they made up and it was very nice.

So Ethel kept on posing for the publicity department, and she got to be one of their particular pets. "Stills" of her appeared in all the movie magazines; she put on a track suit, which showed plenty of leg, and

posed with the U.S.C. track team; she visited the Lion Farm and held baby lions in her arms, wearing the cutest little outfit of white linen and a cork helmet, and she dressed up like a girl Santa Claus, with legs showing, for "Christmas art."

Ever so often Ethel got a "call," which meant she had to appear on a movie set and act as background for the big stars, but no one paid much attention to her on the sets, and finally she began to resent her days away from the publicity cameras.

Bill Kortright started slipping away from Ethel, finally, and Ethel couldn't understand it for several weeks. But finally someone tipped her off that Bill was chasing a new stock girl, a brunette named Sonia, and she led him a hell of a chase, too. But she wouldn't give in, for a damn good reason, and Bill lost his usual complacent attitude and went nuts about her. Finally he did manage to make her, and soon after that he arranged a "farewell" evening with Ethel. She got very dramatic, because she felt that Bill expected it. But they agreed to call it quits, after Bill brought up the subject of Sammy Fineberg again, and Ethel told him to go to the devil.

The next day Ethel met Sammy Fineberg casually on the lot, and for once he didn't have his nose in a script, and he asked her to dinner. Even if Ethel's option hadn't been coming up, she would have been glad to go

to dinner with him. Afterwards they went to her apartment, and Ethel felt, by the time he left, that her option would be taken up all right.

The publicity department arranged for Ethel and several of the other girls to go up to Santa Barbara for a few days, for "fashion" pictures, and she met a nice young man with buck teeth who owned a yacht, and the time passed very quickly. The toothy young man persuaded her to wire to the studio that she had the flu and would have to spend the week-end.

When Ethel finally got back to the studio, she was stopped by the cop at the door. His eyes were cold when he handed her a message from the casting office. It informed her very tersely that she was no longer an employee of Superba Pictures, and that her personal effects had been sent to her apartment. She was too stunned to do more than climb into

her little car and start home. And when she called Bill Kortright, he didn't talk to her. His secretary said that he was out of town.

It took Ethel quite a long time to learn why she had been bounced, and then, of course, her movie career was quite finished. None of the other studios would have anything to do with her. While she had been in Santa Barbara, all the Superba department heads had gotten "Inter-Office Communications," signed by Samuel S. Fineberg, to be posted on the various bulletin boards. They said "Ethel Smith's contract with the studio has been terminated. All wardrobe worn by Miss Smith will be burned, as well as the furnishings of her dressing room."

There were some that thought Sammy Fineberg just a bit hasty, especially the publicity department. Ethel looked so well in leg pictures.

TRYST AT DAWNING

*I rose from sleep when the dawn was chill
And crept to thy window, fleet and still.
I stood there lost in dreams devout
And another man came crawling out.*

LESS MAJESTY

You've read the "inside" story of Wally and Eddie; here's the upside down story and you're stuck with it

WE ought to start off by warning you that this article is a sort of April's Fool joke. After all the millions of words that have been written about ex-King Edward and The Woman He Loves *nobody* expects to see still another article on them. Well, the hell with that; I'm sticking to Windsor and Wally until all the loose ends have been cleared up, which I propose to do by a kind of sweeping circular motion, or dragnet. After that I don't want to hear any more about it.

The truth of the matter is that after almost all of the words have been used up describing this "Royal Romance" (leaving only a few of the less respectable words like "lousy" and "nuts" for me) the real story has yet to be uncovered. There was, for example, a great deal of talk in England about the constitutionality of Edward's marrying Mrs. Simpson. After our recent electoral battle, and Republican ravings, that has a nasty smell of pure plagiarism, no less. Matters have come to a fine pass when England can't get an Issue of her own without borrowing *our* constitutional one.

No—that really had very little

to do with it. Nor can we credit many of the idle rumors going around. Investigation disclosed they were just going around try-



ing to get on relief. One rumor, however, that buzzed about the halls of No. 10 Downing Street had it that the whole thing was a plot of the former Lion of Judah, Haile Selassie, to discredit one of the

few remaining monarchs in the world through sheer pique. Another rumor, flitting around East Ninth Street, had it that Hanley couldn't pay the rent for November. Both, fortunately, were discredited as vile canards; the former turned out to have originated in the finding of a deeply sunburned man with a beard who had gotten drunk and, in some inexplicable fashion, locked himself in the Confidential compartment of the Foreign Office safe. The second rumor was a particularly vile canard—it was December, *not* November, and it wasn't the rent, it was a tailor's bill.

Investigation has disclosed that the whole story was a hoax. It

By JACK HANLEY

author of "Let's Make Mary"

seems there were twelve newspapermen who had had three double Scotches each—or maybe it was three newspapermen who had had twelve double Scotches each, that sounds more logical—who were sick and tired of writing about the Spanish revolution. One of them who was, we regretfully admit, slightly “in his cups” was boasting about his girl, who was named “Wally.” “What?” sneered another, “a girl named ‘Wally’? That’s a helluva name for a dame.” “It’s a fine name,” hiccuped the first newspaperman. “An’ Wally’s a fine girl—fit for a king!”

“That’s an idea,” said another. “You got something there! Let’s have the King go for a girl named Wally.”

“What’s Wally’s last name?” asked the third. “Glutz,” gurgled the first. “Let’s go to Simpson’s an’ eat.” This was interpreted in a garbled way by the others, with the result that they all staggered out to eat at a place called Glutz’s and filed stories about the King and one Wally Simpson, then promptly forgot about the whole matter. When they had sobered up a few days later and read their own stories they were so impressed that they went out and dug up confirmations under the impression that they had been “scooped”. The facts of the case are that there *really is no Wally Simpson!* And it is a tribute to the power of the press that they were able to build up an imaginary person, like a McFadden Composograph,

who was so real that even the King himself believed it! They do say that both Edward and Stanley Baldwin have learned the truth by now, but British pride and “face” being what it is, neither will admit it.

Be that as it may, however, things were in a terrible stew for a while, with one paper saying KING WILL ABDICATE and another announcing KING TO REMAIN ON THRONE, while one Hearstian creative artist dug up the fact that Wally never spoke of the King by his given name, but always addressed him as “Your Majesty.” I think that proves my contention: I defy any man to conceive of a woman calling her sweetheart “Your Majesty.” Just picture such a situation . . . fancy Wally smiling up at Edward, as he holds her in his arms, and saying: “How’s about another kiss, Your Majesty?” and meaning it. And unless you’re slow witted as hell you can imagine a dozen other even more amusing angles to the situation.

No, I think that establishes beyond a reasonable doubt the truth of this *exposé*—there really is no Wally Simpson, which is enough to explain the now Duke of Windsor’s low spirits we’ve been reading about. It all ties together very nicely.

But real or imaginary though Wally may be, the King did abdicate and that brings us to another point: Why is kingship so precarious in this day and age? And the answer to that is

they aren't organized. Kings should take a tip from the opposite extreme of the social scale and emulate Labor. Imagine what would happen if a foreman fired a machinist's helper for wanting to marry a princess! They'd have to call out the militia, while the *Daily Worker* sent out for larger type and John L. Lewis made bigger and better speeches. No, Edward just didn't handle the matter properly. The thing to do when he discovered Parliament gagged at romance was to picket the place! Suppose the British public was regaled by the sight of the King, in his royal robes, marching back and forth before Parliament carrying a blazing banner: "UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED ROYALTY!" backed up with Carol of Rumania, Alfonso of Spain, Haile Selassie and a few odd princes of the blood. Baldwin would have *had* to give in. And in no time at all there would be the Associated Potentates of the World having demonstrations and cop-baitings every time kindly toes were stepped on. That'd teach 'em!

Or, the English climate being what it is, Edward might have followed the even more popular custom of Sit Down Strike. Suppose he chose to sit down in the throne and refuse to either govern or get out—where would Parliament be then? Or he could, being Royalty, reverse the usual procedure and call a Stand-Up strike by *refusing* to sit down in the throne, but just

stand in front of it, sticking out his tongue once in awhile just to show his determination.

But it is, alas, too late now. With Edward abdicated and George VI not yet crowned matters are still a wee bit bewildering. There's talk of the Irish Free State refusing to ratify George's coronation—or whatever it is they do to indicate approval—but there's always talk about the Irish Free State. It leaves the British public just a little doubtful, I should think, and their only consolation has been a little game that enjoys quite a vogue over there called "Button, Button, Who's King Of England?" For the benefit of my American friends I'll give you a general idea of how it's played in case you'd like to pep up a house party when the gin runs out.

First accumulate a small handful of buttons, one of which represents the King. This one may be almost the same as all the other buttons or, to make the game easier, it may be particularly ornate button, with maybe a crown on it. With the party trooping at your heels chanting "Sing ho, Sing Nonny-o," you go to an upstairs window directly beneath which there is a heavy thicket of bushes. (Note: If playing in New York City get an apartment overlooking the Park). Then, while the whole party joins hands in a dancing circle, you toss the buttons firmly down into the bushes, at the same time grabbing the best

looking girl and ducking into the guest room with her and locking the door behind you. This makes you "It", the others "Out" and the girl somewhat flabbergasted, to say the least. The buttons are simply forgotten, having very little to do with it anyway.

Only one other angle remains for our consideration now. Since Edward is the exiled Duke of Windsor and there is no Wally Simpson, just what is he going to do about it? It leaves him in a funny spot, though to be entirely accurate, there are those who think that any man receiving an annual bounty of several hundred thousand dollars for doing nothing much in particular isn't in such an awfully *bad* spot. These however, are obvi-

ous radicals and ought to go back where they came from. In case David Windsor is puzzled about it the following suggestion is offered gratis: Why not go back to being the Prince of Wales? There's something that nobody has thought of! Everything was swell while George V. was King and Edward was Prince. It was only when Edward became King that troubles commenced. So now that George VI. is King let David go back to the job he did so well and have an end to all this monkeybusiness. There's no competition for the job, no Prince imminent, even in Winchell's column, and a very real need in the British Empire for a Prince of Wales. Edward is the only experienced man for the job, so let's give it to him.

From the Dolville, Ga., News

Upon searching her home after her alleged shop-lifting tour, detectives, accompanied by officers from central station, found seven bolts of silk in Mrs. Grobie's drawers, together with a waffle iron and several electrical fixtures in her trunks.

From the Newline, Texas, Times

Mrs. Grace Albreedich was granted a divorce when she testified that since she and her husband were married he had spoken to her but three times. She was awarded the custody of their three children.

From the Anginow, Ky., Press

Fire destroyed another home in Anginow yesterday. It happened while the husband was away, caused by soot in the chimney. Why take the chance? Think of your wife and babies! Have them inspected, repaired and cleaned every three months.

Get That Picture!

Cameramen! They'd rather photograph hell—and get the plates back—than squire a harem of angels beyond that golden gate

IT IS four o'clock on a stormy morning. Caveo Sileo, veteran editor for International News Photos, is sipping black coffee and munching a sandwich at his desk. Early editions have been scanned thoroughly and nothing has broken that requires his sending a man on a follow-up.

All's quiet along the camera front—then the bell on one of the automatic typewriters clangs. It's a "flash." A big story is breaking!

Sileo jerks the typed sheet out of the printer, reads:

**AKRON FALLING DOWN
AT SEA TEN MILES OFF
BARNEGAT BAY SEND-
ING SOS**

He runs to the window. Heavy rain pours against the glass. Flashes of lightning illuminate the street. He grabs the telephone, yells for a number. Barks orders. Yells for another, and soon the entire staff of cameramen has been routed from bed.

Planes are ordered out with a cameraman flying through fog

and rain; the motorcycle messenger boys risk their lives riding eighty miles an hour to the convergent points of the disaster;

cameramen, loaded with plates and flash bulbs, guard their cameras carefully from the storm's wrath. A fast car and chauffeur skid cameramen madly through heavy rain and thunderstorms on the journey to Barnegat Bay. They arrive with a host of other newspapermen. Everyone tries to hire a boat, any boat, any-

thing that will float. No boats for hire. One photographer tears through the storm to Atlantic City and there manages to charter a former U-boat chaser, now converted into a rum runner. The cameraman is advised that it is foolhardy for anyone to attempt to venture into the mountainous waves, but the boat shoves off into angry seas—a lonely matchstick in a mammoth torrent of raging waters.

The ride brings them thrills, near-heartfailure and hair-



By DICK HYMAN

King Features Writer

breadth escapes. The heavy seas toss them about relentlessly. They finally pull near to the *S.S. Portland*, cruiser of the U. S. Navy, circling the scene of the disaster in search of survivors and wreckage. It has taken the hired rum runner seven hours to reach this point only a few miles from shore. Two sturdy seamen of the small boat lash the cameraman to the bridge of the runner and he gets his pictures of the rescue navy cruiser.

Then starts the tortuous way back to Atlantic City, battling heavy head seas that at times completely submerge the sturdy little craft. One wave finally sweeps away the pilot house and all are bruised and cut from flying glass. The terrific pounding finally takes its toll when the boat springs a leak and everyone goes below decks to man the pumps. The captain lashes himself to the wheel. He sings and shouts to keep up the courage of his men and passenger. The little boat finally limps into port, the only boat to successfully reach the scene of the disaster. Others have tried and failed. The men are more dead than alive. But then it's all in the day's work—and the cameraman has ten exposed plates.

Sometimes the cameraman meets his end in the line of duty. I remember when the *Akron* launched her first blimp while in flight. It was a fourteen-passenger craft and had just made a triumphant flight to Chicago.

Fourteen men board the blimp

at the lake front for an inspection flight over the city. In mid-air the blimp catches fire. Fourteen men leap from the burning ship as it drops into the loop and plunges through the open court of a great bank building. One who leaps is Milton Norton, cameraman. He does not jump from the burning ship until after he has made a "shot" of the fire. His 'chute opens and he floats lazily down with the others, like a dandelion gone to seed. Over the Board of Trade Building he hovers, then swings over LaSalle Street and the 'chute catches on a cornice. The 'chute slips. Norton drops like a rock four stories to the street.

Brother cameramen and Norton's young wife and son are at the hospital when Norton, for a brief instant, becomes conscious. Nearly every bone in his body is broken. His photographic plates, which he had placed in a hip pocket before the jump, are pounded to powder.

His weary eyes encompass the anxious group and he whispers, "How did my plates come out?"

When the boys chokingly lie that they are the finest set of pictures and the biggest scoop they have ever known, he closes his eyes and dies.

Danger and drama are the cameraman's daily diet. A few years ago, Jerry Frankel, *New York Journal* cameraman, crept into Two-Gun Crowley's hide-out just before the big siege of that young bandit by the New York police began.

Two-Gun Crowley, a handsome youth with a twisted brain has been tantalizing and slaying the policemen of New York with his accurate gunfire and many holdups. Finally there is a cessation in Crowley's activities. Word is out that he is hiding somewhere in Manhattan. But the police cannot find him. Jerry is called over to his city editor's desk one day and told: "Get a picture of Miss ———, you'll find her up at No. ——— West ——— Street." The name of the girl means nothing to Jerry, nor does the address. A few minutes later Jerry is knocking on the door at the given address. Instead of a comely girl opening the door, he is face to face with the scowling features of a man who growls: "Whaddaya want?" Jerry asks for Miss ——— and the door slams in his face. He starts down the stairs toward the outer door of the building, converted from a private residence to small apartments.

As suddenly as that, bullets from the street start punching through the door. He hears the spiteful *crack, crack* of machine guns and rifles. Bullets plow through the stairs he is standing on.

Now the gunfire from the outside of the building is being answered from a room over his head. What a mess! Jerry is trapped between two fires. If he shows his face at the front door, the police will plug him. If they miss him, the man or men in the room above will shoot him

in the back. So Jerry stays there, hugging the vestibule wall and watches the progress of the fight. Police finally burst in the front door to find Frankel crouching against the wall. His newspaper training and curiosity get the better of him and he makes a few inquiries.

"Why that was Two-Gun Crowley we just got," says the copper. Then Jerry gets busy. He photographs everything in sight, including the manacled Crowley and the room in which the cop-killer has been hiding for weeks. His pictures are scoops and his eye-witness story clears all wires. The editor apologizes for sending Jerry to the room where Crowley was hiding and explains to Frankel that the woman he had been sent to photograph was the gun moll of the gunman. When Crowley is electrocuted several months later. Jerry heaves a sigh of relief. "What a menace that guy was to me," he tells friends. For, of course, the man who told Frankel to "beat it" had been Two-Gun himself.

The exception proves the rule, and there was one instance when the cameraman, although he got his picture, failed to bring home the bacon. Photographer Sammy Schulman is the central figure of this story which occurred several years ago.

The State of Delaware is about to inaugurate whipping as a penalty for felonies and the assignment editor spots this as having excellent picture possibilities.

Sammy is selected for the job—probably because he is so small he will not be readily detected by officials of the prison in Wilmington where the whipping is to take place.

Every official from the mayor down to the prison jailer is approached at different times by Sammy who pleads to be allowed to snap the event. All the answers are the same—NO. Desperate, he faces his last resort—stealing the picture. Snuggled up against the wall which surrounds the roofless tower in which the whipping post is located, Sammy awaits the start of the whipping punishment. Decided activity on the other side of the wall gives Sammy his cue. He scales the wall and drops down on the other side. The jailers and officials are so preoccupied by their unusual duties that they do not notice the little photographer and they proceed about their task. *Click, Click*, goes the camera as the lash is laid heavily upon the felon's back. Sammy closes his camera and prepares to escape from the prison yard.

He's atop the wall. There comes a sharp command to "Halt" from a prison guard. His heart sinks. "Well, there goes two day's work all shot to hell." Sammy's plates are destroyed and the now, well-humbled cameraman awaits the prison sentence he expects. The justice decides: "I fine you seven dollars and twenty cents, and don't ever try that again." Sammy returns to New York minus the

picture but with this eye-witness story of the whipping.

Many interesting stories are told about the great by the news cameraman. "I beg your pardon," says the King of Belgium, with a patient smile, as he is almost knocked off his royal dogs. "It's all right with me, King," says Joe.

This is not an excerpt from a comic opera. It is just one of those little incidents in the life of Joe Marsland, cameraman, who was meeting an incoming ocean liner at quarantine. The King and Queen of Belgium have just landed at Hoboken and with a group of other cameramen Joe is chasing the royal party to snag a final shot as the royal pair leave the pier to get in their waiting autos. The crowd at the pier gate surges forward. Somebody pushes Joe, and to prevent himself from falling, he slams into the King. From what the boys told Joe later, pushing Kings is one of those things which simply isn't done in the best circles, but this was in Hoboken and if this particular King thought that Joe had pulled a boner he never let on.

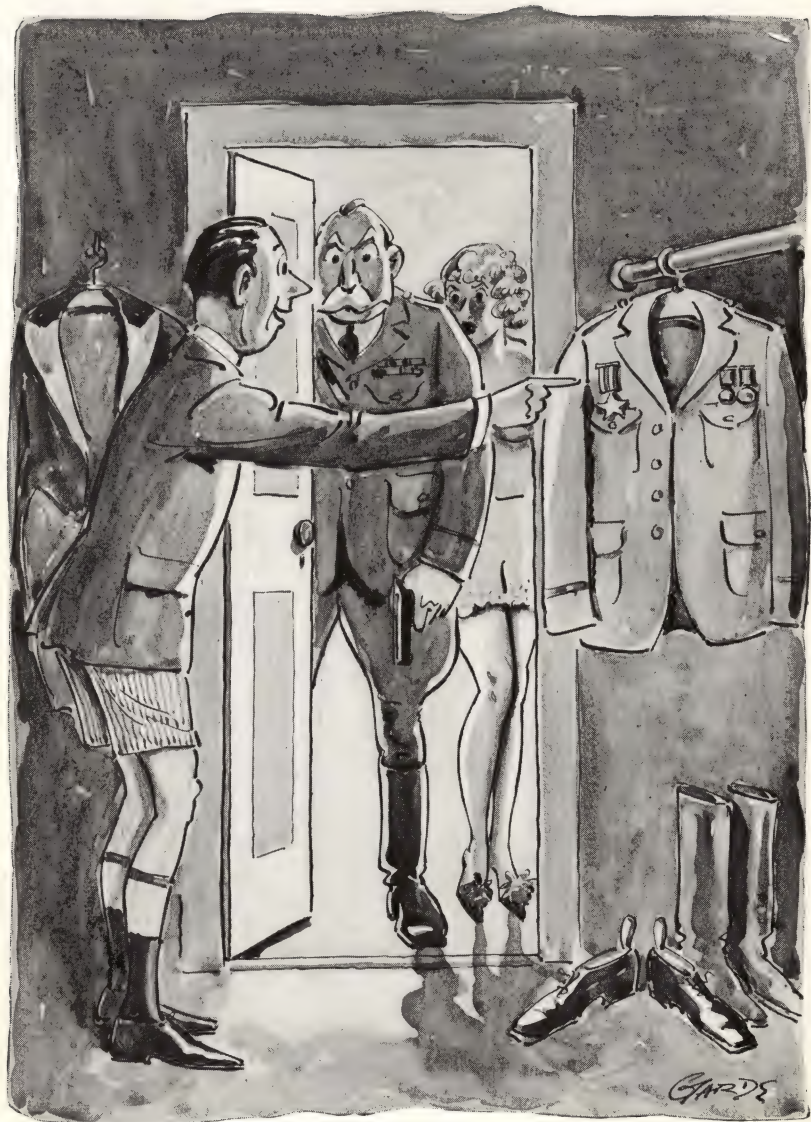
Picture chasing is not without its humorous angles. The city editor of a New York paper receives a phone call from a woman who states that she will commit suicide in half an hour by jumping from the window of her home. A reporter and photographer are rushed to the address given and the police are notified. The photographer sets up his



" Why, MR. CONGERS! You're not as young as I thought!"



"An itching? Why, Mr. Schroeder, I thought you said an etching!"



"If I'm not too personal, what did you get this one for?"



"Really, Doctor—that new diet hasn't changed him a bit!"

camera opposite the house while the police, accompanied by the reporter, enter. Fifteen minutes later an ambulance draws up to take the woman away to the psychopathic ward of a hospital for observation. The cameraman annoyed by his long futile wait phones in to the editor: "Another flop, the dame changed her mind."

The boys in their zeal to get their pictures are apt to forget the dignity of office and title. When Queen Marie of Rumania visited the United States she must have been mildly surprised to say the least, when a cameraman hailed her: "Hey Queen, will you turn this way so I can get a shot?" He got his picture.

Everything indicates another kidnapping, and it looks as though this one is going to be solved in its very commission.

The block is completely surrounded by police. Pictures of the suspected "snatchers" are being made by the police from concealed points of vantage. Every move of the suspicious characters is being recorded on film for police records. But the "snatchers" get what they want and make a getaway.

This time the snatchers are cameramen, working on an exclusive picture beat and they get an unexpected thrill.

Let's go over to the desk and get the inside.

The assignment editor of the news picture syndicate decides it is the psychological time to

make a picture of Jon Lindbergh, son of Col. and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh. The lad is more than two years old and so far as can be learned has never been photographed, neither for publication nor for anyone's personal album.

With Bruno Hauptmann coming up for trial for the kidnapping of the first Lindbergh baby, the syndicate editor believes such a picture would not be unfavorable to Lindy and his world-beloved wife and son.

A little sleuthing by a cameraman reveals that Mrs. Lindbergh often takes her little son to a kindergarten, conducted in a private home, not far from the Morrow estate in Englewood, N. J.; that she usually brings the youngster to the school on clear days arriving at about 8:30 a.m.; that she waits while he plays with other children until 11:30 a.m. and then is taken home for his lunch and a nap.

The editor selects three men who know the roads in New Jersey and have Jersey license plates on their cars. The men are told to park their cars away from the scene and just wander around to verify the information at hand.

For several days the photographers amble in the vicinity of the little exclusive kindergarten home. They confirm the arrival and departure times and report back to the editor that all is ripe to make the pictures.

Several mornings later, shortly before 11:30 a.m., a tarpaulin-covered truck pulls up across the

street from the kindergarten. Inside are two of the three cameramen equipped with long-range cameras. As Mrs. Lindbergh steps along the stone walk between the entrance of the kindergarten and the gate surrounding the lawn she walks directly in the path of these lenses. The cameramen are "shooting" through rents in the tarpaulin. They take several pictures.

The truck leaves the scene in leisurely fashion and stops several blocks away. At this point the cameramen jump from the truck and go off in different directions, one to his car, the other to an auto driven by the third cameraman. One car goes north and the other south.

The cars are barely in motion when the screech of police sirens is heard. Suspecting the police have observed them, the cameramen step on the gas and while in motion remove the magazines of plates from their cameras. They aren't going to lose their precious, hard-earned pictures.

The two cameramen in the north bound car manage to escape the clutches of the pursuing motorcycle patrolman. The second cameraman, hard pressed, turns a corner, tosses his camera on the back seat, stuffs the plates inside his shirt and abandons his car. He runs and walks up one street and down another without doubling back. He finally reaches a bus, then ferries across the river to New York. He still feels the hot breath of the police upon his back.

Eventually the three cameramen return to the office and proceed to develop their plates. They turn their work over to the desk rather casually, are congratulated and relieved of duty for the day. They decide to call their homes. They hear strange noises on the phone which indicates the lines are open and immediately suspect that the wires have been tapped. That is just what has happened. Their license plates have been traced and the police are watching closely.

The cameramen had been spotted immediately from the moment they began to fulfill their assignment when they were just wandering around. A guard had been thrown around the block on which the kindergarten was situated. To the police everything pointed to another Lindbergh kidnapping, this time plotted against the baby, Jon. The police cameras were working and identification would have been an easy matter. Dozens of police eyes had been watching the news cameramen at work. The Lindberghs had not been notified however.

The cameraman who had abandoned his car in Jersey, returns to the scene. He approaches the car cautiously. He is about to open the door of the auto when a policeman steps up from nowhere. The cameraman is nervous. He sees visions of prison fare. The officer asks what he is doing near the car. Our shivering hero draws out his identi-

fication cards to prove ownership.

"Oh," murmurs the cop, "so that's it."

"Yeah," answers the cameraman. "I—er—I was just making some pictures, performing in the line of duty."

"Well, okay, as long as you're a newspaper man, scoot along," is the officer's reply. "We thought something funny was going on and we were ready to grab everybody. Y'know we gotta be darn careful. We knew who you were and where you lived—y'see we checked your plates."

That was that. The pictures were just what the editor planned—and they made Page 1.

Ingenious methods are used to defeat the possibility of losing a minute in getting the picture back to the news desk. Plates are developed in speeding airplanes, motorcars, subway trains, motorboats, ambulances, morgue wagons and fire engines.

When Jack Sharkey fought Max Schemling at the Yankee Stadium an ambulance was hired

from a private hospital and a miniature dark room installed in it. The ambulance was stationed outside at the stadium. The moment two plates of the fight were exposed the cameraman rushed to his ambulating dark room, and the plates were developed while riding through New York traffic. For another championship fight a morgue wagon was used in this same way.

A newspicture organization must ignore profit and loss in its race to deliver front page pictures first. It costs so much to make newspictures that the founders of the organization were necessarily men who said: "Get me the best pictures in the shortest possible time regardless of costs. The prestige of my newspaper demands complete newspaper coverage and as many scoops as you can supply."

That the newspaper reader wants pictures is proven by the fact that the world's twelve leading newspapers in point of circulation devote half or more of their space to pictures.

SAID BY JEAN COCTEAU

Truth is too naked; she does not inflame men.

. . . .

The public wants to understand first and feel afterwards.

. . . .

The public only takes up yesterday as a weapon with which to castigate today.

. . . .

Beauty is a woman walking. She displaces lines.

OLD MISS JOHNSON

Every school has a tough boy, but
sometimes the teacher is tougher

US KIDS could see that old Miss Johnson had a bug up her rear. Her eyes were snapping and her thin face got grimmer by the minute. She singled out Fats Palmer for special attention.

"Next time any of you say that word," she snapped, "I'll make him regret it. I told you I didn't like it, and have asked you repeatedly not to use it. I'm ashamed of you boys."

Someone—it was probably Fats—made a small noise under his breath. He was a card, Fats, and he knew it. The smaller kids at George Washington Grammar School tried to imitate his contempt for conventions, but most of them were afraid of getting licked. Fats wasn't.

He was a pretty tough guy all right.

Miss Johnson whirled toward him. "I've got a pretty good idea who started it," she said dangerously. "You have a *habit* of starting things, Charles."

Fats shrugged his shoulders maddeningly and looked away. So did the rest of us. We were rather embarrassed, so we just stood there, saying nothing. Then Miss Johnson turned on her heel and walked away, toward the principal's office. We didn't continue our baseball game until she was well out of sight.

"Nuts," said Fats. That broke the tension. Some of the others echoed the disputed word. "Nuts," they said, not too loudly. "Nuts, nuts, nuts!"

"Old Johnson sure gets mad, don't she," said someone.

"Aw, she's a bitch," said Fats.

We were all a bit startled. We had never thought of "bitch" in connection with our teachers. Sex shouldn't be applied to teachers, somehow.

"My brother could take care of *her*, all right," continued Fats.

Some of the kids got embarrassed and started knocking flies out into the field. In a minute we all started playing and decided to forget about old Miss Johnson until recess was over.

But we couldn't forget about her when we went back into the classroom.

It was time for our geography lesson. We were studying South America. I looked at old Miss Johnson over the cover of my geography book.

She had sort of cooled off by this time.

Miss Johnson wasn't really old. She was the prettiest of our teachers, I thought, with her yellow hair and blue eyes. Her first name was Sigrid, I knew that much, and there were rumors that she was a bit "fast."

FICTION

By R. D. TOMPKINS

Two of the girls had seen her driving her little Ford in the country, and she had a cigarette in her mouth. Except for the drawn lines around her mouth and the corners of her eyes, she was mighty pretty. But we called all our teachers "old," whether they were or not.

The geography lesson went along pretty well until Miss Johnson came to Fats. And she asked him the wrong question. "What," she said, "are the main export products of Brazil?"

Fats looked at her blandly. "Products?" he repeated.

She nodded her head, and the lines around her mouth got deeper.

"The export products of Brazil," Fats mused. "Oh yes. Well, there's coffee—"

"That's right," said Miss Johnson.

"Coffee— And *nuts*—" He drew out the word ever so casually.

We all gasped. One of the girls giggled nervously. Miss Johnson's face got suddenly red. She half rose out of her chair. Then she sank back.

"That will do, Charles," she said.

Fats' face was triumphant. He turned deliberately and winked at those of us who dared look at him. Miss Johnson went on with the lesson.

When the lunch bell rang, we filed out behind Fats and followed him into the boys' toilet. We all lined up. Someone asked Fats, "What's old Miss Johnson

got against saying nuts, anyway?"

"She thinks it's dirty," said Fats.

"I never knew it was dirty until she started yelling about it," said one of us.

Fats smirked. "I'll let her have it again this afternoon," he said. "Just wait until recess and you'll see." But he wouldn't go into details.

We all ate lunch with tingling thrills of excitement running up our spines. We couldn't figure out what Fats meant to do.

His plan, we discovered, was simple. At recess he was going to yell nuts from the boys' toilet, as soon as someone tipped him off that old Miss Johnson was nearby. Because she would never dare come in the boys' toilet, and she wouldn't be able to prove that he was the one that yelled. It seemed like a swell plan.

At recess we all waited around, some of us inside the boy's room and some outside. I decided to go inside, because I didn't want Miss Johnson to think I was in on it. Even the kids from the other grades realized that something was up, and they all waited around curiously.

The door opened and someone hissed a warning. I watched Fats. He had a cocky grin on his face. He cleared his throat. Then he said "Nuts" quite loudly. He paused a minute, then started yelling it at the top of his lungs. "Nuts!" he bawled. "Nuts, nuts, nuts, nuts, NUTS!"

We all wondered how old Miss

Johnson was taking it, outside. Fats opened his mouth again just as the door flew open. It banged heavily against the wall, and in came old Miss Johnson.

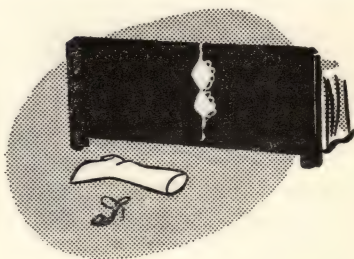
She looked straight at Fats, who was suddenly too petrified to move. She didn't notice the other boys who were scattered around the room, some at the urinals, some on the toilets, and some, like me, just standing around watching. I noticed, in a split second, that the lines around her mouth were deeper than ever and she looked older than I had ever seen her.

Fats made a move toward the back door, but she was too quick for him. Like a flash she had grabbed him by the hair with

one hand, and with the other she belted him across the mouth. "You little son of a bitch," she said distinctly, and walloped him again.

Someone said "Hey!" in a shocked tone, and that broke the tension. Old Miss Johnson relaxed her grip, and Fats suddenly broke loose. He ran out the back way, his face scarlet, his eyes full of tears. Miss Johnson glared after him uncertainly. Then for the first time she seemed to notice that she was in the boy's toilet. She looked at all of us, without seeming to recognize anyone. She said dully, "I'm sorry, boys," then turned on her heel and walked out, her back very straight.

PAMELA'S BOUDOIR



*Double locks inside the door,
Pillows strewn around the floor,
Shades pulled down at broad
mid-day,
Filmy silks in disarray.*

*A slipper and a riding boot
The center of the floor dispute,
Here a pantie, there a glove
And warm perfume of last
night's love.*

*Grapefruit rinds, tobacco, gin,
What a state her boudoir's in!
Breeches on the towel rack—
Pamela's got her lover back.*

D. H.

SPEED IN SPORT

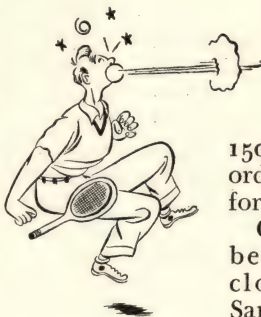
If it takes three drams of black powder in a ram's ear to blow his horns off, how fast must a baseball travel to split the plate?—Old Riddle

IF you want to get knocked colder than a polar bear's bottom just get in the way of a tennis ball traveling at a speed of 130 miles per hour. Fred Perry, when he was an amateur, had that experience while playing an exhibition match in Budapest, and was carried unconscious from the tennis court.

Of course, Perry wasn't aware of the exact speed of the object that hit him. He was only aware of the fact that an ordinarily soft tennis ball can become, when driven with enough force, as dangerous as a billiard ball.

Trained observers, scientifically checking the all-important element of speed, were able to gauge the exact mileage attained by a similar hard-driven tennis ball—just as they are now able to check speed in every modern sport from table tennis to football.

Even ordinary tennis players, say these observers, wield their rackets at a speed of 60 miles per hour, which indicates that the ball thus hit travels over the net around 80 miles per hour. The hard-hitting experts at Forest Hills and Wimbledon have attained speeds of 130 miles per



hour. But "Big Bill" Tilden holds the present world's record, as far as such records go. He hit 150 miles per hour—a record that should endure for some time to come.

Golf offers perhaps the best opportunities for clocking speed. Gene Sarazen once pitted his driving speed against a high-powered racing car. He whammed the ball at the exact moment the car passed, and both car and ball were scientifically timed. His club hit the ball at 115 miles per hour, and the ball itself reached a speed of over 130 miles per hour.

Jim Reynolds, winner of the national driving championship, submitted to another early experiment. It was discovered, via a complicated system of light beams which reflected the passing of the golf ball, that he drove at a rate of 135.8 miles per hour.

Several years later, Wood Platt, the English golfer, broke that record by driving a ball at nearly 180 miles per hour. Last year he broke his own record by proving, for the benefit of a special high-speed camera, that he could attain a velocity of 280 feet per second, or over 190 miles per hour!

By RALPH FOSTER

A remarkable example of golfing speed was recently demonstrated by one Alex Endie, at the behest of Fox Movietone News. Endie, to the accompaniment of clicking cameras, placed a Manhattan telephone book on end about four feet in front of the tee, and let go with a terrific drive. The ball whizzed through the thousand-odd pages of the phone book and kept on going for another hundred yards.

Professional golfers will tell you that driving a ball through a phone book isn't such a feat, if you practice long enough. Better start practicing on something small (say a copy of "Gone With the Wind") before tackling a New York phone book and perhaps winning a few side bets with the boys in the locker room.

There are numerous records for speed in baseball. In actual games, both Grover Alexander and Nap Rucker have been known to pitch at 140 feet per second, or 95 miles per hour. However, Mark Koenig, making special tests before scientific observers, lowered their record by pitching a ball at 150 feet per second.

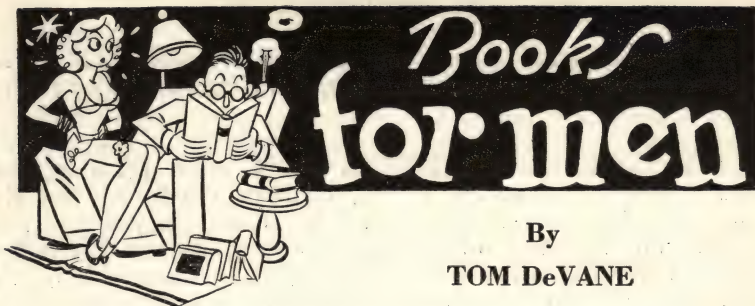
A fast pitched ball in any major league game travels from the pitcher's mitt to the plate (officially 60 feet, 6 inches) in about $\frac{2}{5}$ of a second—which explains why baseball stars need perfect eyesight.

There are even speed records in the increasingly popular game of table-tennis. During a recent

match game, 700 strokes were counted during ten minutes of continuous playing, which would mean that each stroke took almost a second. Allowing that each shot went within one foot of the full length of the table, this gives an average speed of nearly 8 miles per hour, which is surprisingly slow. Yet a table-tennis ball can reach a maximum speed in the region of 50 miles per hour! The difference between maximum and average speeds may be explained by the fact that there are very few "smash" shots in the game, and even when there are, the ball is so light (thirteen of them weigh only an ounce) that speed is rapidly lost.

Speed tests have also been made of billiards, and don't let anyone tell you that a billiard ball can't travel. An average fast billiard ball travels about nine miles an hour. But a hard-hitting player can make the ball cover the four yards from bottom to top cushions in $\frac{37}{100}$ of a second. This works out (but don't ask us how) just over 22 miles an hour—surely a respectable speed for such a heavy object from a standing start.

Oddly enough, football, one of the speediest sports from a spectator viewpoint, is actually the least speedy, insofar as the object of play is concerned. A fast penalty kick occasionally attains a speed of 35 miles per hour, but in ordinary play the football travels far more slowly.



PARNELL. *A Biography.* By Joan Haslip. Charles Stewart Parnell, famed Irish patriot and statesman, would have been the delight of modern tabloid editors. For like the present Duke of Windsor, Parnell's romance with a married woman caused a scandal that virtually rocked the world.

Katie O'Shea was the lady in the case—and she was a woman of destiny if there ever was one. Parnell's blind love for this English beauty ruined his political career, exposed him to opprobrium and ridicule, caused his untimely and ignoble end.

Miss Haslip's sympathetic and scholarly biography makes Parnell a very real human being, treats both his distinguished career and his notorious love affair with understanding and authority. She makes it apparent why Parnell should have been known as "Ireland's uncrowned king."

Hollywood is currently filming "Parnell," with one Clark Gable as the statesman, and one Myrna Loy making Katie O'Shea a veritable glamour girl. But you'd better read the book for a more authentic picture of a memorable career. 405 p. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$3.

LANCER AT LARGE. By Francis Yeats-Brown. The Bengal Lancer—an older and more reflective Lancer—is back with us again, with more tales of maharajahs, yogis, and Indian untouchables. And "Lancer At Large" emerges as the most truthful, compelling account of life in mystic India since the author's previous best-seller, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Major Yeats-Brown is a first-rate reporter, and when he compares the India he knew in his subaltern days with the India of today, his impressions may be accepted as authentic. His revelations—and explanations—of *yogi* philosophy are eminently understandable. Before-breakfast athletes will be surprised to learn that their morning exercises are *yogi* in origin.

A vague plot traces the author's journey across India in search of a new *guru*; since his previous teacher and spiritual advisor in the world of mysticism had died two years previously. He interviews Gandhi, still a great factor in Indian life, and the renowned scien-

tist, Sir Jagadis Bose—all with enough gusto to make "Lancer At Large" a highly recommended book. 332 p. *New York: The Viking Press.* \$2.75

FIFTY MILLION BROTHERS. *By Charles W. Ferguson.* Whether you belong to the Rotary Club or the Society for the Prevention of Calling Sleeping-Car Porters George, you will find "Fifty Million Brothers" of more than passing interest. For it lists virtually every important society and lodge in the country, goes into their varied backgrounds, comments upon them individually and collectively.

Ferguson points out that at least half the people in the United States belong to one fraternal organization or another, many of which have played important parts in the development of the country. Clubs were originally a refuge from the loneliness that beset the pioneer in a vast new land, and they have remained because of the essential gregarious nature of the human beast.

The author has been more than fair in discussing each individual organization, from Elk to Silver Shirt. Careful research has obviously been done, and Mr. Ferguson's light, informative style should make "Fifty Million Brothers" an important item. 389 p. *New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.* \$3.

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI AND THE LOST REVOLUTION. *By Ralph Roeder.* History at its lustiest, with one of history's most famous women as protagonist. Mr. Roeder is author of "Man of the Renaissance," best-seller of several years ago, and this new book is in the same vivid, scintillating style.

In spite of sob-sister historians who have claimed that Catherine de' Medici was just a misjudged little woman, Mr. Roeder holds her directly responsible for the St. Bartholomew's Eve Massacre, and has documentary evidence to prove it. She was cruel, treacherous, vindictive—but the author obviously finds her a fascinating character. He does arouse some sympathy for the youthful Catherine, a scrawny little Italian girl who was caught in the midst of the gigantic Protestant Reformation; and later for Catherine, barren young wife of France's Henry II. But her later years found the queen reverting to what we now know as the Medici type.

There is an amazing parallel to be drawn between the Catholic uprisings in the day of Catherine de' Medici and the Fascist revolutions of today, if you're of a parallel-drawing mind. 629 p. *New York: The Viking Press.* \$3.75

HISTORY OF GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES. *By Gustavus Myers.* If you've ever wondered about the origins of the biggest

American fortunes, here's a chance to find out. This enthralling study has long been out of print until revived recently by the Modern Library and published in the admirable "Giant" format.

Greed, according to the author, has always been triumphant in the family fortunes of the Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds, Morgans and other wealthy folk. Man's inhumanity to man, it might be argued, has always been the rule when monetary gains are in sight—but the history of spectacular American fortunes is of particular interest because of the great continent that lay open to exploitation when the millionaire kings began their careers.

In the text, the author refers to his work as an "edifying history, the facts in which impart their own moral and conclusion." We would advise the discriminating reader to discover the moral for himself. *New York: Modern Library. \$1.10*

DOGS. *By Alfred W. Meyer.* Plentiful information on "man's best friend," from both technical and personal viewpoints. Dr. Meyer's book indicates that he is not only a highly accomplished doctor of veterinary medicine but a true dog lover.

First section deals with the history of the dog, a brief outline of various breeds and a discussion of the selection of a dog for a pet. Dr. Meyer knows why different breeds should be chosen to suit different environments, and gives sound reasons. He also gives excellent, though debatable, advice on the care and handling of puppies, and discusses proper training of the household dog.

Rest of book deals with the care of the dog in health and sickness, with detailed account of most canine ailments. All dog owners appreciate knowing facts of this sort, and the author writes interestingly, clearly, helpfully. 259 p. *New York: Whittlesey House. \$2.50*

SANTA ANNA. *By Wilfred Hardy Callcott.* In California, Arizona and other southwest states, harsh and dreaded wind-storms that blow up from Mexico are called *santa annas*. And after reading Mr. Callcott's sturdy biography of the most infamous of the infamous Mexican rulers, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, we can understand why.

Born in 1794, Santa Anna was a power in the southern republic for most of his 82 years. Five times president of Mexico, much of the misery of that country may be traced to his ruthlessness, treachery and greed. He exploited the helpless people of Mexico as they have never, luckily, been exploited since.

Santa Anna began his destructive career as a bright young officer during the Spanish rule, and helped lead the revolt against Spain. Never a man of great learning, his accomplishments (if they may

be called that) were the result of a shrewd ruthlessness, a desire for power, that never left him.

An interesting, well-written biography on a little-known subject that should find favor with the reading public. 392 p. *Illustrated.* Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. \$3.

NEW GUINEA GOLD. By *Edmond Demaitre*. Recommended highly to arm-chair adventurers is this colorful picture of gold-hunters in savage New Guinea and their often-fatal encounters with the cannibal tribes of the interior.

In order to gain material for this book, the author actually joined the patrols that are slowly but surely bringing peace into this barbaric land. These brave whites risk their lives daily trying to stem the ever-present menace of cannibalism, and M. Demaitre properly credits them with the courage and stamina of super-men.

Besides his accounts of gold-seekers and patrolmen, the author, who is an ethnologist of knowledge, devotes a goodly section of his book to the habits and manners of those Kanakas whose poisoned arrows have taken their deadly toll of adventurous whites. A truthful cannibal informed him, incidentally, that the flesh-eaters consider a human shin bone the tastiest part of the anatomy. 255 p. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

BORN TO RAISE HELL: The Life Story of Tex O'Reilly, Soldier of Fortune. As told to *Lowell Thomas*. Biography of the kind a guy you or I would like to be—if we had the guts. Good robust reading for lighter moments.

Tex O'Reilly says that he had to be enthusiastic about a cause before he would fight for it. If that's true, he has been beaming with enthusiasm most of his life—because he's fought in every major conflict since the Spanish-American war. He was in the Philippine insurrection, the Boxer rebellion in China, three Mexican revolutions, a few fracas in Central America, and topped it off by fighting against Abd el-Krim in Morocco. Says Tex, "I have helped save a number of countries—and now look at the damn things!"

Neither Tex nor Lowell Thomas prove a thing in their joint effort, except that some men like to fight and kill each other. But it all makes good lively reading. 371 p. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

SEVEN SUSPECTS. By *Michael Innes*. One of the best thrillers of this, or any other, mystery story month is this sprightly English tale by a highly promising young author. It's one that no reading-lamp detective will want to miss.

Josiah Umpleby, president of a mythical college that might be

Oxford, gets bumped off in a highly mysterious fashion—and the seven oddly-assorted suspects who might very well have shot him, drawn death's heads over the fireplace, and scattered human bones all over his study, are a ruggedly individualistic crew.

Mr. Innes writes tersely, logically, and is more than generous with clues to be checked by the analytical amateur sleuth—who'll probably be wrong in choosing the guilty party, anyway. And there's a brand new Scotland Yard inspector—*John Appleby*. You'll like him—and the book. 275 p. *New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.*

THE EMPEROR OF EVIL. *By Carroll John Daly. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.*

THE HARVEST MURDER. *By John Rhode. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2*

THE AVENGER STRIKES. *By Walter S. Masterman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.*

FIGURE AWAY. *By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. \$2.*

THE D. A. CALLS IT MURDER. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Wm. Morrow & Co. \$2.*

The above five thrillers are about "tops" in the mystery field at the moment we go to press, and as such are recommended to mystery story addicts.

"The Emperor of Evil" brings the familiar and deservedly-popular *Vee Brown* back to the fold. Vee, if you remember, is a plenty tough baby, and believes in meeting "violence with violence, death with death."

Dr. Priestly, amateur criminologist of "The Harvest Murder," isn't as youthful as *Vee Brown*—he can't take it—but his methods of crime-solving are equally effective and satisfactory to the crime story reader.

Mr. Masterman's latest contribution ranks as one of the better English mysteries of the season, and we were happy to be introduced to his master detective, *Sir Arthur Sinclair*.

"Figure Away" is an engrossing tale of murder in placid Cape Cod, and the author, already established in the minds of mystery story fans, is in her familiar, well-established vein.

And Erle Stanley Gardner's new puzzler introduces a logical successor to his popular *Perry Mason*. He is *Douglas Selby*, and his first adventure into the crime world makes us thankful that he is to be the hero of succeeding Gardner novels. "The D. A. Calls It Murder" is a honey of a story, as you'll find out for yourself.



MAN TO MAN

MAYBE it was Benny Franklin who said, or perhaps it was never said, that "preface pages are written but not read."

Well, we flew in the face of the axiom and wrote a preface anyway, because we feel pretty seriously on the matter of there being no magazine previously existent really designed for the entertainment of the *Male*. In case you didn't read the preface (we're going to hold a national poll on those who did and did not) we grabbed an extremely ornate quill pen and wrote, on page 4:

It has long been observed that companionable men gathered together in hunting camp, in club, in regiment, in conference, in air-liner, in pullman, find tangy, peculiarly male topics for entertainment and conversation.

Such shall be the contents of this magazine, dedicated as it is to MAN, his pleasures, his uncensored reflections, his entirely male outlook, his private knowledge that everything in the world is for his enjoyment.

You have no idea how writing those words filled us with a rosy glow, elevated our diaphragm, sparkled our eye. So much so, indeed, that we immediately

knocked off to brace up to a bar; and while we lapped the foaming lager our superior eye strayed up and down the bar to rest a bit pityingly on the ermined and silver-foxed minxes who have no magazine dedicated to the proposition that "everything in the world is for *her* enjoyment."

Of course women have a great many magazines printed especially for them, but these magazines admit in a sort of underhanded fashion that drudgery is women's lot. The admission comes in articles and departments labeled: "How To Hurry With The Dishes"—"Sly Tips For Removing Wrinkles"—"Short Cuts For Cooking Chops"—etc.

You'll never find anything like that in *This* magazine.

Leonard Hall, author of "Stripping The Gypsy Rose," and "Lushing Ladies," is doubtlessly known as a NAME to many of you. O. O. McIntyre, in his nationally syndicated column, recently called Mr. Hall his favorite satirist. Mr. Hall parks both his top hat and his crushed and dirty writer's fedora on Park Avenue. His work appears in many other magazines and a pox on those who say we put his name first because of his Park Avenue connections!

Stanley Walker, who wrote "Mrs. Astor's Colt," is widely known as a newspaper man and author. His book "City Editor," first pinned the glaring calcium on him, and the knowledge seemed to stick in public consciousness that he himself had been City Editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Since then he has written several other books, held an executive position on the *New York Daily Mirror*, and joined the staff of *The New Yorker*. Mr. Walker is now free-lancing, one of the few writers who deservedly is entitled to the title "free-lancer," for his stuff contains many a pointed shaft indeed.

Bob Considine is the chap who tears the mantle of obscurity from one of the most-mentioned, but little known, men in America—Jack Doyle. Considine is a sports columnist on the Hearst papers, and while he may not know it, the rumor is that he is to take Damon Runyon's shoes as a sports columnist, while Runyon passes on to comment about other phases of the world's business. And *that* should be enough introduction and recommendation for Bob.

Lyon Mearson, shows off a continental residence by his learned discourse, "A Strictly Privy Conversation." He is also published in leading national magazines, is author of several novels and a Broadway play. There is an entirely unfounded libel floating around that Mr. Mearson can write nothing ex-

cept pieces about divorce and women. The article in this issue should put an end to the canard.

Rex Stout, appearing in this issue under the banner of Farrar & Rinehart, is published much in an obscure five-cent magazine, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and is probably best known for his "Nero Wolfe" detective yarns, for one of which the movies have paid him fabulous gold.

Bernard Sobel, sometimes called "the only press agent who can spell," has a well earned literary and working-writer's reputation. He has several books, and hundreds of magazine pieces to his credit and has been publicized as the college professor who quit his post to become press agent for the late Flo Ziegfeld.

As long as we're mentioning press agents, we'll have to bring in another top-notch, Charles Washburn, author of more than one Broadway play and press agent for George Abbott. Mr. Washburn's "Women Make The Best Prostitutes" is entirely factual. The fabled Everleigh sisters today live in New York in a refined apartment and retired manner on East 70th Street. As long as we have mentioned the word "factual," we might as well state that there are only two fiction pieces in this magazine, both of them plainly labeled "Fiction." Purposely, we have stayed to facts and personalities, feeling as we do, that Men are more interested in reading of things as they are, rather than as

they occur in imagination. Obviously the name Jay Lancer on "Assignation In Morocco," is a pseudonym. The story is true, and that explains the pen-name.

Guy Hickok, an associate editor on the *Literary Digest* (remember the magazine that guessed wrong on the election?) is author of one of the two fictional pieces in this issue, and even that has a background of fact.

Robert Carse, widely known as an author of novels and fiction, feels strongly about misrepresentation of Voodoo in popular magazines, so we gave him *carte blanche* to write an honest picture of a voodoo ceremony.

Tommy Manville is always good copy, but we believe ours is the best Manville yarn ever published. The man who wrote it is a working newspaper gent.

Father Divine, think we, is well worthy of publicity, and because we think so we considered it a duty to send Phil Roman up to Harlem's Heaven and interview God.

Carlos Knight was present at the labor pains of the Toronto Baby Sweepstakes. That is, his paper sent him there during the closing scramble to see if any of the gals competing would attempt a defy to nature by pulling a last-minute entrant from a silk hat.

Ethel's Pal is, of course, a man. His story of the little career girl in Hollywood was brought fresh from the Cinema Capital. E. P.

is a scenario writer, one who flitted East recently with the avowed intentions of getting some fresh oysters at Billy, the Oysterman's. Once the oysters were safely partaken he stopped just long enough to write our story, then flew back to Hollywood—where oysters are not so good, but stories are swell.

We almost feel like apologizing for bringing in a story on David and Wally, and the only excuse we offer is that Jack Hanley's story made us laugh. We hope it amused you. Jack is an author of standing, having written "Let's Make Mary," numerous pieces for humor magazines, radio and stage.

"Speed in Sport," short as it is, may win you some bets in the locker room. We expect, shortly, to be enjoined by the telephone company against printing any more articles of this nature. Still, knocking a golf ball through a telephone book doesn't damage it nearly as much as tearing the book in two. We know that trick, and once we showed it to a member of a national convention in Chicago. The fellow was rather puny, but by our placing his hands for him, was able to tear the thickest book into jagged halves with ease. The stunt tickled him so we went from room to room of Chicago's Palmer House, yelling gleefully, and tearing books through and through with great abandon. I imagine the Palmer House is still trying to find us.

FOR men

PRICE 25c

AND MEN ONLY!



**Manual of Seduction • Stripping the Gypsy Rose
Strictly Privy Conversation • Papas for Profit
Please God, Save the King • Drums in Heat**